No. 901
Friday
28 June 1938

PRIVATE EYE

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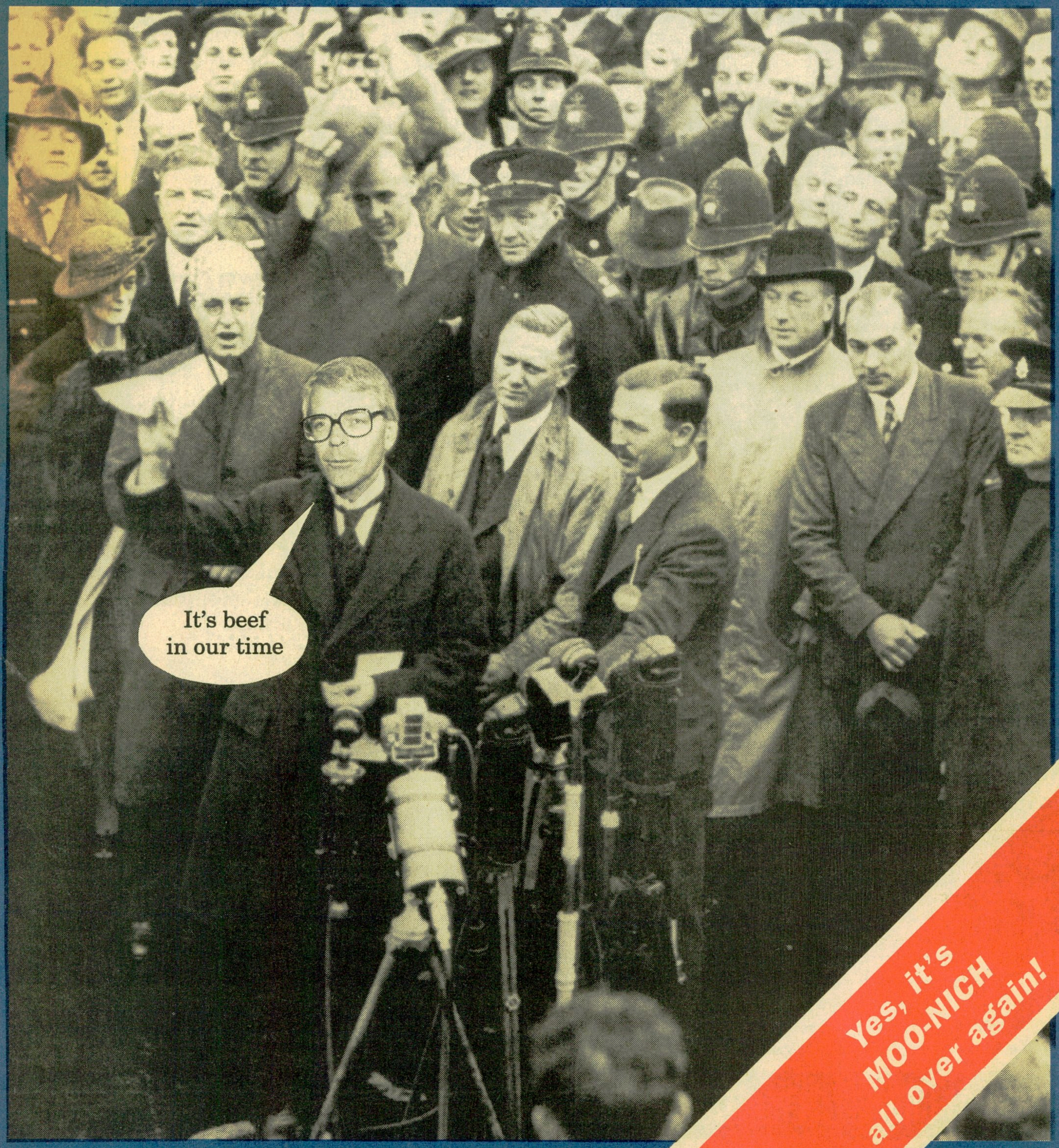
MAJOR'S TRIUMPH



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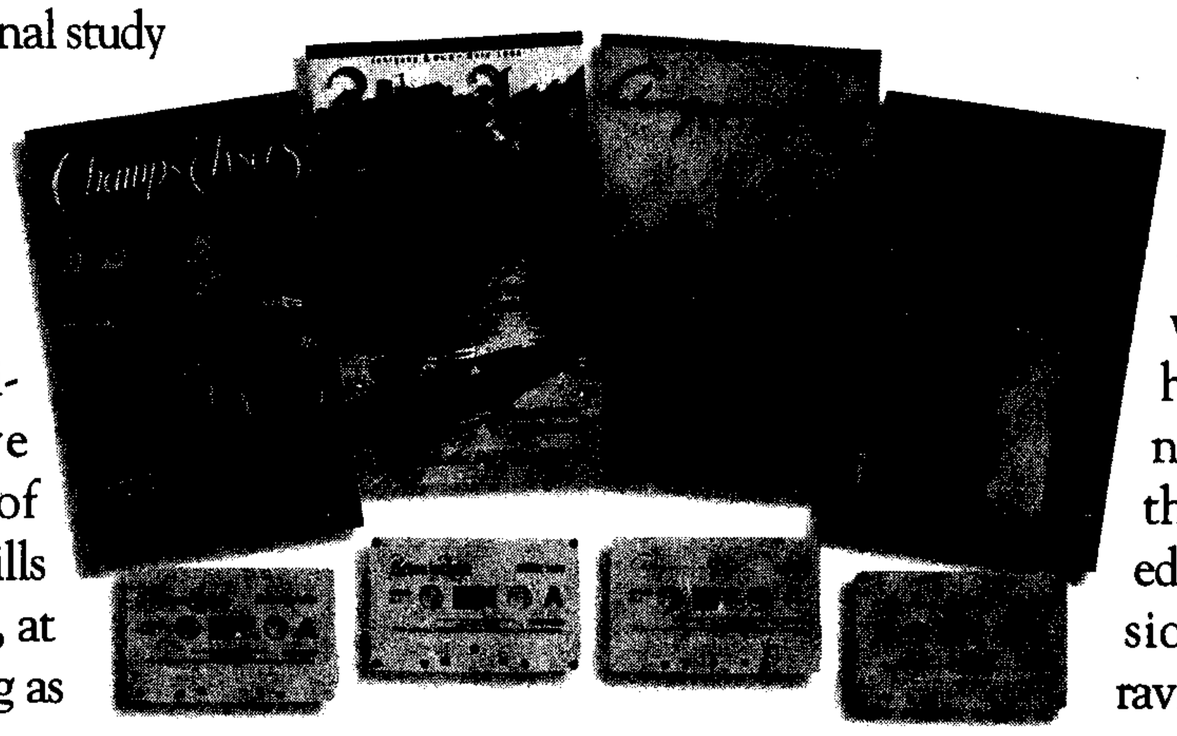

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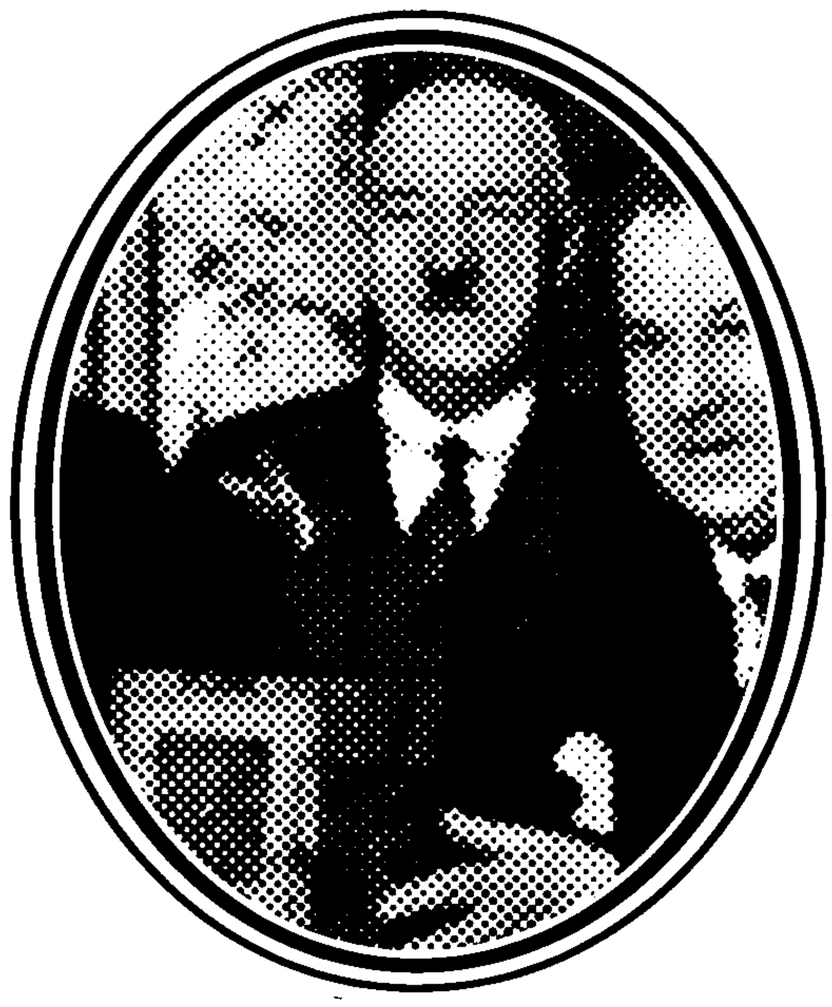

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Gnome

YOU would imagine from the reaction of some of the snootier media commentators that the Daily Moron had been in some way inciting English fans to violence against foreign supporters.

This is laughable. What on earth has happened to these people's sense of humour? Have they become so po-faced that they cannot spot a good-natured joke when they see one?

It is a sad day for this country when the press cannot produce a few knockabout front pages without incurring the wrath of the politically correct killjoys!

The Moron's lighthearted "Hit-a-Foreigner-in-the-Face" campaign is not intended to be taken *seriously,* for heaven's sake!

And yes we are perfectly aware that the confrontation between England and Germany is *not* a war.

We are not stupid.

Football is just a game.

A war is a serious violent confrontation between two enemies who will stop at nothing to defeat each other.

Like the Daily Moron and our rival newspaper The Scum.

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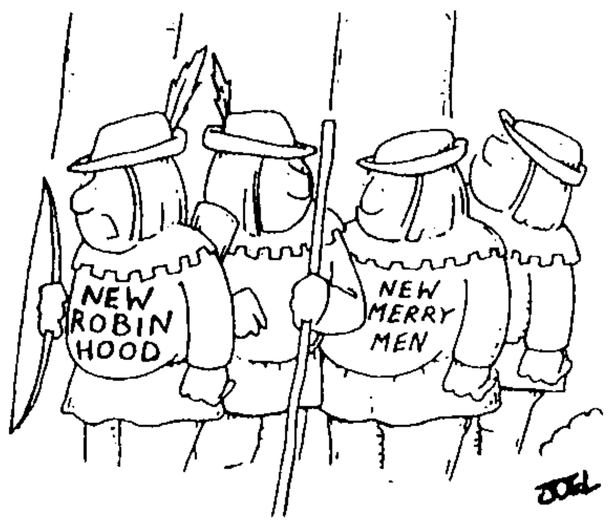

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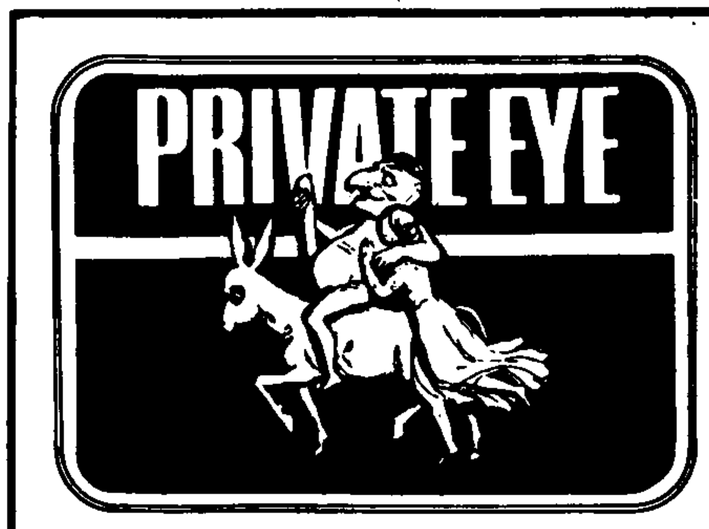


COLOUR SECTION

THE government's decision to set up a full public inquiry, under former high court judge Sir Ronald Waterhouse, into child abuse in North Wales was a complete U-turn.

As explained in *Eyes* 896 and 900, ministers at the Welsh office and the department of health had firmly set their faces against a public inquiry. Instead they preferred a secret inquiry under Nicola Davies QC, who said the serial child abuse in Welsh residential homes was "mainly of historical interest" and that a public inquiry would cause a lot of unnecessary distress. This view was trumpeted abroad by Welsh under-secretary Rod "The Rod" Richards, who told the nation: "We have done our duty."

Richards's embarrassing departure from office may be one of the reasons for the U-turn. More crucially, the continued press campaign was well-received in North Wales. Leak after leak kept the story in high profile. Ministers' hopes that the scandal would fade away were dispelled by further appalling trials of abusers from homes in Cheshire and Liverpool.

The Waterhouse inquiry will be held in public under the 1921 tribunals of inquiry act. The most important result will be that any evidence can be freely given (and published) without fear of libel or repercussions. If there are or were abusers in high office or among the authorities, they can now be exposed.

JOHN WATTS, transport minister and former adviser to the bus industry, has told Labour MP Hugh Bayley that the offer of shares in Railtrack has cost taxpayers £42.5 million.

Most of that has gone to "advisers" (£9.4 million) and in "commissions" (£24.8 million). A department of transport spokeswoman gave the *Eye* the list of advisers, though she would not say how much each adviser got because it would be a "breach of commercial confidentiality" for the public to know who gets the public's money.

The advisers, with the Tory MPs they pay or have paid, in brackets where applicable, were as follows:

F.C. Warburg, bankers (Robert Ainsworth, Coventry North East; Malcolm Wicks, Croydon North West); Linklaters and Paines, solicitors; Deloitte Touche, accountants; Dewe Rogerson, PR advisers (Quentin Davies, Stamford and Spalding; and Hugh Dykes, Harrow East); Solid Solution, retail advisers; Sherman and Sterling, US lawyers; and Ernst & Young, accountants (Neil Hamilton, Tatton; and — inevitably — David Mellor, Putney).

The spokeswoman said "commissions" are paid on the shares sold, mostly to a selected consortium consisting of F.C. Warburg (see above), Merrill Lynch (Sir Archibald Hamilton, Epsom and Ewell); and the Union Bank of Switzerland (Tristan Garel-Jones, Watford).

THE American computer company EDS is having problems with one of its many UK government contracts.

The last *Eye* detailed problems with the IT system it had modified for the UK's Child Support Agency from a similar system in Florida. Now, after a backlog of 350,000 cases, the agency has begun a major review of the whole IT infrastructure and is deciding whether to alter it or replace it.

The system was expected to cost £600 million over 10 years and the government is contracted to EDS until 2003. It is unclear how much compensation would have to be paid to the computer firm if the EDS system is replaced.

There are also concerns that the system breaks data protection rules. One father, whose case was dealt with and closed by the CSA in 1994, was promised that all data held on him would be wiped from EDS computer files after six months. This was confirmed by the data protection unit, which stated that the files would be archived in such a way that "it is no longer possible to access them unless the case is reopened". Eighteen months on the man phoned the CSA, quoted his case number and a junior clerk confirmed he had all his case details on screen.

Data protection worries are particularly relevant because EDS, through various government contracts, will soon hold data on every adult of working age in Britain.

TORY MP Neil Hamilton, who has been guiding a bill through parliament which, if passed, would dramatically change the law relating to MPs and their ability to sue newspapers and other media whose coverage of their doings in parliament they do not like, has been acting as selflessly as ever.

In what effectively would become a suer's charter, Hamilton wanted MPs to have the right — if it suits their case, and not reciprocated to those outside parliament — to waive parliamentary privilege and issue libel proceedings.

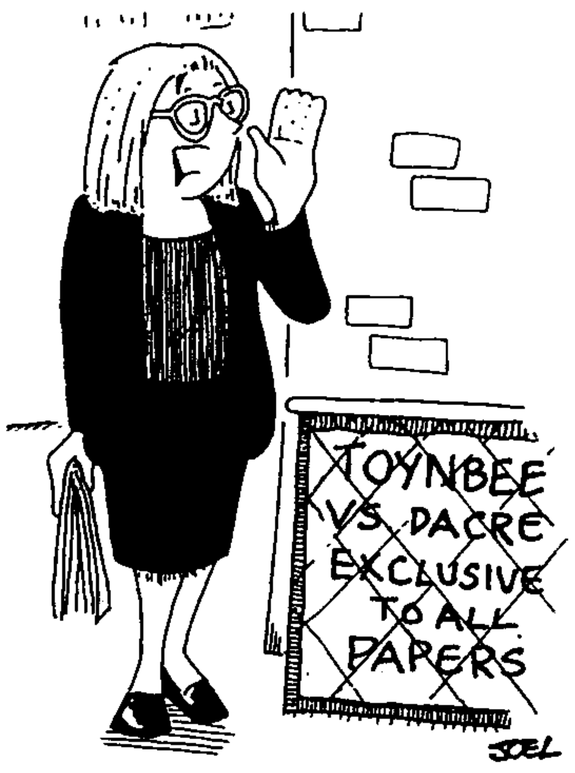
Coincidentally Hamilton has himself been stymied in an action against the *Guardian*, which alleged that he accepted payments from Mohammed Fayed, the owner of Harrods, for asking questions in the House.

The prospect of Hamilton's bill had other MPs licking their lips — especially those with libel suits on the backburner. Rupert Allason, the Tory "security specialist" and infamous litigant, was one interested party seen at the back of a recent hearing on the bill making copious notes.

- ***Footnotes Special on Jonathan Aitken . . . 26***
- ***Hackwatch: Euro '96 . . . . . 11***
- ***In The Tearoom: Post-Hogg 8***
- ***Richard E. Grant. 24***
- ***Hallo to Hello! 7***
- ***Major's Beef War Diary 994***

"Sorry I'm late — I went to the wrong address"

Street of Shame



"Read all about us!"

BRIAN MacArthur, veteran press columnist for the *Times*, was fiercely critical of the *Daily Mail*'s interest in the Polly Toynbee story.

Two weeks ago, after the *Mail* published a 3,000 word piece by Karen Walker — the jilted wife whose husband had left her for Toynbee — MacArthur accused *Mail* editor Paul Dacre of a "gratuitous" exercise in "vindictive journalism" which had "only increased the misery of a deserted wife and son, as well as Toynbee's own 11-year-old boy. That misery is now broadcast to some five million readers".

One day later it was broadcast to another couple of million readers, as *Times* editor Peter Stothard decided to reprint Karen Walker's article over two pages of his newspaper. Strangely, MacArthur has yet to comment on his own editor's "gratuitous" exercise in vindictive hackery.

Stothard himself is unapologetic. "We ran this piece," he declared last week, "and the reaction of a large number of our readers vindicated that, because it was a very unusual example of what a wife feels when her husband runs off with a more powerful and interesting and glamorous woman... It was worthy of publication."

If Stothard really finds this subject so newsworthy, perhaps he should share with *Times* readers his own feelings when his wife temporarily left him some years ago for the interesting and glamorous novelist Douglas Adams.

And what about Stothard's proprietor? Back in the mid-1960s Rupert Murdoch ditched his first wife, Pat, and their daughter, Prudence, to run off with a beautiful young reporter called Anna Torv — who later became the second Mrs Murdoch. Will Stothard now contact Pat Murdoch and invite her to dish the dirt on her ex-husband over two pages of the *Times*?

Er, probably not.

IN RECENT months the *Daily Mirror* has worked itself up into a frenzy of indignation about "greedy bosses" such as Cedric Brown of British Gas, David Jeffries of National Grid and Tim Holley of Camelot.

Oddly, however, it has yet to turn its attention to the fat-cats in charge of Mirror Group Newspapers, whose latest accounts show that "executive emoluments" rocketed by 29 per cent last year — at a time when Mirror chiefs were exhorting their galley-slaves to tighten their belts.

Managing director Charlie "Gorbals" Wilson pocketed a modest £693,000; Kelvin Mackenzie's reward for running the pisspoor L!ve TV was £265,000; and chief executive David "Rommel" Montgomery struggled along on £473,000 — a 12.35 increase over the previous year.

Were these handsome pay-outs in some way "performance related"? No: MGN's profits last year rose by just 3 per cent.

THE owners of the *Daily Sport* are determined to get rid of their editor. But Jeff McGowan — known as "Johnny November" during his previous career as a failed pop singer — seems oddly reluctant to go.

Men in suits cleared out his office and desk last week, and even removed his Apple Mac terminal, but McGowan still kept turning up for work.

Last Thursday the *Sport*'s editor-in-chief, Tony Livesey, tried a new tack. He ordered the picture desk to superimpose the face of his deskless editor on to a ludicrous picture of St George, which was then printed on page two of Friday's edition. Under the photo (tastefully headlined "Let's Stick It Up The Spics"), an article signed by "The Editor" urged readers to join in the Euro 96 mania.

"The spirit of St George fell upon the *Daily Sport* office yesterday... a restless, anxious spirit in search of bravehearts to do his bidding," it proclaimed. "He actually entered my body and soul and urged me to spearhead the campaign by slitting the gizzard of a Spanish waiter."

Was Livesey's intention merely to humiliate McGowan? Or is he hoping Inspector Knacker will haul the editor in for questioning about this blatant incitement to violence — thus at last removing him from the premises?

THE London *Evening Standard* has recruited one Nicole Swengley as its "shopping correspondent" to help readers seek out bargains and avoid being ripped off. The appointment has come as something of a surprise to at least one *Standard* reader, Gwenda Brophy.

Last year Brophy spent £80 on a Prada bag from Second Sinns, a shop in Pimlico which specialises in nearly-new designer gear. Soon afterwards, however, she spotted a picture of a real Prada bag and realised hers was a fake. Unable to get any satisfaction from Second Sinns, she went to court — in spite of attempts by the shopowner to "discourage" her, one of which was to get a friend, Nicole Swengley, to write a letter to the court on the shop's behalf.

In her letter Swengley boasted that she was "more aware than most about the nature of Britain's trading laws" and that the owner of Second Sinns was "an honourable, straightforward businesswoman" who always "tells her customers whether an item is a real designer-label or a fake".

The court decided otherwise after discovering that Gwenda Brophy's receipt had clearly identified the bag as a Prada. She was awarded £92 in compensation and costs against the shop.

DAILY MIRROR: Health Secretary Stephen Dorrell shocked her beleaguered son by admitting she would never touch beef-burgers or sausages.

Hull Daily Mail

REPORTING a survey of children's attitudes, the *Guardian* noted sniffily that "the prejudices of children aged 10 to 16 are as vigorous as 50 years ago and are still mainly directed at Germany. When asked what came into their minds when they thought about Germany, 78 per cent of the 800 said the second world war, which ended 35-41 years before they were born. Half of them brought up Hitler. Only 2 percent thought German industry or food worth mentioning."

The *Graun*'s own view of Germany is of course much more enlightened. The same day's paper carried a Pass Notes on Thomas Muster, the German tennis player and friend of Fergie, which said of him "would look convincing driving a U-boat".

NOW that he is supreme *Obergruppenführer* of the *Grauniad* and *Observer*, boyish Alan Rusbridger is keen to acquire the trappings that befit a man of his status.

With his membership of the Garrick Club in the bag, he recently asked Rolls-Royce to lend him one of its grandest cars. The company happily obliged, and Rubbisher proudly parked the limo outside his Islington abode.

Alas, it seems the politics of envy are still alive and well in north London: within days, the Roller had been stolen.

ON 1 May the *Guardian* carried an advert from the so-called Necessary Teacher Training College.

This curious institution is part of a Danish group called the Tvind Consortium, which also runs a number of residential schools for teenagers in Denmark, and two schools in Britain for disruptive children. The consortium is currently under investigation by the Danish police for largescale fraud, and the Danish parliament has recently passed a law which cuts off public funds from any school related to the Tvind Consortium.

The *Grauniad* should be better-informed than most about all this. Over the past three years it has run a series of lengthy reports describing the Tvind Consortium as a sinister outfit which "has been accused of using cult techniques and brainwashing its staff".

After the 1 May advertisement appeared, a Danish journalist wrote to the *Guardian* asking why the paper was promoting an organisation which it had itself exposed. He has still had no reply. Instead, on 5 June the *Grauniad* printed the advert again. Shome mishtake, shurely?

THE launch of the nation's newest Sunday paper, the *Planet on Sunday*, was a huge success — at least if you believe the 21 June issue of *UK Press Gazette*.

"It all looks fairly secure," the newspaper's delighted editor, Austin Mitchelson, declared. Owner Clifford Hards was said to be "vastly relieved" that the first issue had sold 342,000 copies — "well past the breakeven point of 140,000".

Whoops! Two days earlier, Hards had issued a press release announcing that the *Planet* was "to cease publication" forthwith, having sold only 115,000 copies. By the time the *UKPG*'s upbeat story hit the news-stands, Hards had closed the offices and shut off the phones.

Fast work, but why the change of heart? Hards himself blamed the paper's coverage of green issues: "The first issue failed to address those matters in the style and to the standards I was seeking." Insiders, however, suspect he was put off by the standards of a green story in a rival publication, the *Mail on Sunday*. Under the headline " 'Green' Wife Sold Stale Food", it reported that Hards's wife, Helena, "last week admitted stocking rotten rolls and a vegetable pasty at her shop in Solihull".

WITH just over two months to go until the new-look *Punch* is unveiled, editor Peter McLie is getting desperate.

Earlier this month he despatched one of his keen young hackettes, Jemima Lewis, to Newcastle, where she invited *Viz* editor Chris Donald to meet her for a high-level "comedy summit" at the Copthorne Hotel.

The hapless Lewis told Donald her boss was still rather short of ideas, having spent most of his time recently trying to persuade Reeves and Mortimer to write a weekly column. But now McHackey had had another brainwave: he wanted *Viz* to provide a regular comic strip for *Punch*. Specifically, he had requested a cartoon about an employer who gets a sexual thrill out of sacking people. "Peter wants it to be based on Max Hastings," she explained.

The man from *Viz* was unable to oblige — not least because he had never heard of Max Hastings.

"Take me to your Max Clifford"

HALLO!

THE HEARTWARMING COLUMN

with ***'The Marquesa'***

HALLO! THE Curse of Brian (Part 103). What is it about the bumbling heir of the throne that all his former girlfriends — let alone his wife — seem to be so unfortunate? Now I hear further distressing news of the sweetest of them all, little Jane Ward, wooed so ardently fifteen years ago by Brian when she was assistant manager of the Guards Polo Club. Jane, today a Leicestershire farmer's wife, has been sent an impertinent letter from the bailiffs!

Life has not been a bowl of cherries recently for Jane, and the poor gel has been left rather short of shopping money. Heroically, she has turned down hugely lucrative offers for a 'tell all' expose on the heir to the throne (see *Eye* 893), complaining, "All they want to know about is the size of his willie."

Instead, she has 'provided' the very downmarket *Daily Express* with the odd item of tittle-tattle. Due to a clerical balls-up, however, a cheque for well over £1,000 due to a Leicestershire freelance of similar name was sent to the impoverished Jane — who has, quite rightly, refused to send back the loot!

While Brian might be happy to see Diana carted off to the madhouse, would he be so ungallant as to allow the bailiff to clap irons on a destitute former flame?

HALLO! *PRINCE Edward, I am sure, will be far more chivalrous in comforting his ex-girlfriend, the fun-loving former M&C Saatchi advertising executive Sophie, Countess of Woolton.*

For it is with great sadness I hear of the unhappiness chez the Earl of Woolton, where husband Simon is selflessly trying to come to terms with the relationship of Sophie and Mr David Montgomery, hatchet-faced chief executive of the Daily Mirror.

While Montgomery has separated from his spouse, Heidi, the Wooltons are putting up a united front for the sake of their three children. Meanwhile 'Rommel', whose own stable of tabloids pry into every corner of other's private lives, has successfully deployed his lawyers to prevent other papers writing about his own marital problem.

However, he was not able to prevent a rival rag from recently phoning Sophie's husband, who was so startled to hear of his wife's affair that he passed out. Simon has since rallied manfully, and the tearful couple remain together.

HALLO! **SO SORRY that Prince Edward and Sophie Rhys-Jones have plunged down market. For I spotted dear Sophie lunching recently at San Lorenzo, Princess Di's ex-favourite restaurant, with none other than the Marquesa de Varela, an absurd figure from a magazine called *Hallo!*, or something fairly similar.**

I can only imagine the lovely Soph, who lives in sin with Edward at Buckingham Palace, is to replace the Duchess of York as the magazine's pet royal. I do hope the so-called Marquesa picked up the bill.

HALLO! **TO ASCOT, for Ladies Day. The opportunity to show off my saffron, floral sombrero is ruined by news of yet another spat between two of our foremost exponents of *nescafe-society*. Ivana Trump's former PR person Liz Brewer and lecherous playboy Dai Llewellyn, son of the legendary Olympic horseman, will not been seen in the same paddock together!**

Some years ago dizzy socialite Liz collected nearly £43,000 from her former partner Dai, who had called her a 'hustler'. Now I discover the ludicrous Liz is suing the tubby baronet-in-waiting for calling her "a lady who is not generally well liked".

But, my dear, who is in these awful, common times?

HALLO! *MY craggily handsome old beau, the irresistibly suave Lord Gowrie, appears to have survived a determined effort by Whitehall to ditch him as head of the Arts Council.*

The polished quango king has, it seems, got right up the pert, retrousse nose of our lovely Heritage Supremo Virgina Bottomley. Gowrie did this by being such a total snob, handing out lottery funding for a film about his friend and aesethic soulmate Francis Bacon — and, worst of all, turning up late for a meeting with, er, Virginia Bottomley.

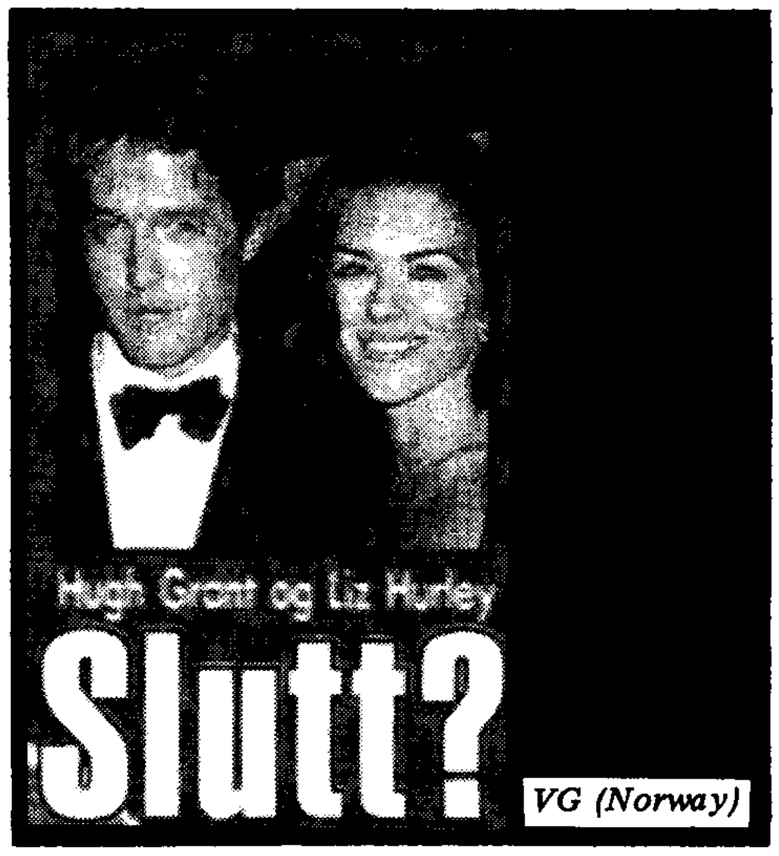
Last month planted stories appeared in several papers quoting 'Whitehall insiders' confirming the imminent demise of His Lordship. Gowrie's early resignation was expected, failing which La Bottomley would axe him. Alas, not only did 'Grey' not fall on his paperknife, but Ginny lost her bottle.

Snobbery, thank goodness, wins the day.

HALLO! MY novelist friend Lord Archer, in addition to his talents as a sharedealer and philanthropist to fallen women, is also a Svengali. "A girl came to see me recently and said she wanted to write a best seller," Jeffrey told the *Irish Times* recently. "I don't normally see them, but she was introduced to me by Cecil Parkinson, who's a serious man, sits in the House of Lords, said she was a very remarkable girl, all that. She had been in a plane crash and survived in an African jungle with a whole tribe surrounding her, wanting to kill her.

"She said, rather casually, 'How much money will I make?' And I said, 'Well, on a first book it would be very remarkable if you made a quarter of a million.' 'Oh,' she said, 'I already earn a quarter of a million a year. I am not going to write a book unless I get at least ten million.' And she stormed out of the room."

Saintly PR Max Clifford, however, would have no difficulty raising pots of lucre for her story, as she does sound such an interesting young gel, and with such powerful friends!



HALLO! **GLAMOROUS supermodel and reformed alcoholic Paula Hamilton delighted her many fans by recounting her most famous (and drunken) moments in a book called *Instructions Not Included*.**

The "friendship" she appears to regret most is with a certain billionaire English businessman who helped with her worthy elephant charity Tusk Force but abandoned her while she was in therapy in America.

Paula however is no run-of-the-mill slapper and her wealthy "gentleman friend" is generously identified only as Mr O because he is "a businessman with political ambitions". Paula continues conspiratorially that "he always said it would be disastrous if our friendship was revealed".

Of course it would, but the Marquesa is never able to keep a secret and feels her readers should know that the only British billionaire who fits the bill is Mr Michael Ashcroft, chairman of ADT, the security systems business.

Michael Joseph, Hamilton's publisher, accommodated Mr Ashcroft's wish to go under a pseudonym, as did the *Daily Mail*, which serialised the book. They were clearly as charmed as Paula by the Tory businessman.

HALLO! WHY OH why is the majestic Lord St John of Fawlsey, *né* Maggie's former Cabinet Minister St John Stevas, treated with such untoward levity? But now that old dear is departing as Master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, he has at last been given due credit in a moving, souvenir tribute (price £1).

With a fetching photo of the Master on the cover, his adoring students have come up with a splendid motto to sum up Fawsley's career: *AVE ATQUE VALE REGINA*.

I do not speak Polish, so the Master proudly translates this moving tribute: Hail and Farewell, Queen.

Not all of today's youths, thank god, are illiterate yobs.

LUVVIES

"I wanted to get up off this nice mattress of comedy and have a go at lying on the bed of nails of drama."

REBECCA FRONT
Telegraph Magazine

Submitted by Ena B. Newman.

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

IN THE TEAROOM

APART from the chap who follows the Blues and Royals down to Horseguard's every morning with a giant pooper-scooper, the man with the stinkiest job in Westminster must be the agriculture minister, Douglas Hogg.

You need a strong stomach to do this job — so who wants it? Well, three middle-ranking ministers are lining up at the trough: First, David Davis of the FO, late of Tate & Lyle. Certainly the sugar lobby would love to have someone sweet at MAFF and might be persuaded to top up Tory election coffers if it could; but Davis tried to cut the inconvenient Hogg's throat in public and probably won't get it.

Then there's David Curry. He was the only person to learn the Maastricht treaty off by heart, unlock the secrets of the "mackerel box" as fisheries minister and understand local government finance at environment. He's the typical unglamorous anorak who keeps the government on-line.

Then there's David Maclean at the home office — feisty (where Hogg is just downright rude), has farming in the blood and is the man the smart tearoom money is on. Each of them knows that the appointment is strictly short-term, just until the election when they all go off the cliff together. *But that is the point.* Each knows too there is no market in ex-ministers of state — you need cabinet status to pick up the plush directorships and cushion the drop to a backbencher's salary during the long, austere years of opposition. Poor Douglas Hogg has been caught in a Gaderene rush for last minute cabinet credentials, and he's not the only one. Hold your nose, and watch this space.

'Urquhart'

THE anti-European "European Foundation" landed Tory MP Bill Cash in the doghouse when its backer was revealed as billionaire Sir James Goldsmith, leader of the rival Referendum party.

Cash's initial bullishness quickly turned to whimpering deference when John Major ordered him to sever contacts with Sir Jammy. But how was the Eurosceptic backbencher converted so quickly?

Apparently the Tory whips still hold some sway and a threat to ruin Cash "socially, personally and financially" was enough to pull even the most stubborn Europhobe back into the fold.

MORE confusion in Leeds North East, where local Labourites last year selected London left-winger Liz Davies as their parliamentary candidate, only to be slapped down by the party's non-leftwing national executive committee (NEC).

One year on and the embattled comrades are still experiencing difficulties. Each constituency Labour party now has to issue a list of qualities it requires from its candidates, and the draft statement issued by the local executive committee in Leeds North East included the "essential" requirements that the candidate should "live up to the highest standards of honesty and probity [and]... be committed to socialist principles".

The NEC, which is overseeing the selection, removed these outrageous suggestions — as it did a requirement that the candidate should give a "commitment to be held accountable, in accordance with party rules".

A DULL Welsh Tory party conference at Porthcawl was enlivened when two blue rinses invaded the "media centre" — ie a side room at the Grand Pavilion.

They belaboured hacks for not reporting Major's many triumphs, such as his superb handling of the BSE affair. "That one over there — the blond — he's the worst of the lot," snarled one of the ladies, pointing to Boris Johnson, the *Daily Telegraph* writer and, er, Tory candidate for Clwyd South.

TROUBLE is in store for "new" Labour MP Nick Raynsford from the horny-handed sons of toil who still populate the outer reaches of the party.

Appearing at a recent dreary conference for industrialists, Raynsford let slip that the minimum wage under Labour "would be set at a very, very low level". This came as music to the ears of the assembled company as they salivated at the prospects of cutting everyone else's wages to "new" Labour's miserable minimum.

BRIAN WILSON has been side-moted from his job as Clare Short's deputy on transport because the two Labour MPs are not talking.

He is now to have a high-profile role as one of the opposition's TV faces, but he must hope that during the general election the issue of nuclear energy does not become prominent.

Wilson, as founding editor of the *West Highland Free Press*, was an early advocate of renewable energy. Then he underwent a transformation, discovered nuclear power and became wildly enthusiastic about it.

Coincidentally he became MP for Cunninghame North, which has Hunterston nuclear power station in the middle of the constituency.

HACKS at the *Economist* are still waiting for a visit by Inspector Knacker after Ian Lang, trade secretary, blew his top when it leaked a monopolies commission report on planned mergers in the electricity industry.

For Lang's trade department (DTI) it was worse than a security scandal: the information was commercially sensitive and would affect share prices, so Lang went to law. It obtained an injunction forbidding the *Economist* from publishing anything more and demanded that the magazine return its copy of the report.

The magazine rejected the demand "to protect our sources" and said that if the DTI took action to obtain the document, "we would firmly resist it".

And so a nation waited agog for a showdown between the Conservative government and a leading conservative publication which sells 280,000 copies a week in the US and is printed simultaneously in such juicy markets as Singapore, Hong Kong and Switzerland. But what is happening at the DTI?

A spokesman told the *Eye*: "We are still treating this as a matter of serious concern. In terms of any particular steps that we are about to take or maybe not about to take, I cannot go into details about anything that we may or may not be planning to do. Or may or may not have done." So that's all right, then.

REVELATIONS of the Tory party's "secret weapon" — a database of middle class electors designed to target the desperately needed floating voters — came as no surprise to one Southsea resident.

He had already received his carefully targeted, personalized questionnaire from David Martin, MP for Portsmouth South, which asked: "Would you like to receive details about joining the Conservative party?"

The database is evidently very accurate because the citizen who received it, John Reynolds, was a former Tory councillor who had been expelled from his local Tory association in Portsmouth South just three weeks earlier.

THERE was amazement when the name of Alan Lewis disgracefully failed to appear in the birthday honours list — particularly in the home of, er, Alan Lewis.

Lewis, a self-made millionaire, is chairman of Illingworth Morris, a woollen textiles company. He received his CBE in 1990 for services to industry — one of those industries being the Tory party, for which he was fundraiser and treasurer on a special committee targeting marginal seats.

Since then Lewis has been working even harder for the party: he was fundraising coordinator for marginals in the 1992 election and is now an honorary party treasurer. Not only this, but Lewis gives generously to the Conservatives: in March he donated a generous £50,000 to the party's depleted coffers.

At his firm, though, Lewis manages to make economies. He displayed good Tory employment practices when he reneged on an agreement to give an employee an ill health pension (see *Eye* 895)

Yellow Brick Road Rage

though he was forced to settle before a tribunal hearing. Lewis believes in keeping most of the staff below stairs in a cramped basement while he entertains chums, like Illingworth Morris director Sir Marcus Fox MP, in the luxurious Mayfair offices above.

Still, there has, incredibly, been no knighthood. Patronage, *arslikhan* and a large wallet no longer seem to count in Major's classless society.

PHILIP Bassett, Blairite industrial editor of the *Times*, had quite a scoop last Thursday, reporting a "significant shift" in Labour's plans for a minimum wage.

The new proposals, he revealed, "are detailed in today's *New Statesman* magazine". Rather coyly, he neglected to mention who had written the *New Statesman* article which he was plugging so handsomely. It was, er, Philip Bassett.

'Backbiter'

WATERWORLD

THE people of Scotland can rest assured that their water and sewerage services will not be privatised. Whom can they thank for public assurance? Why, Scottish minister George Kynoch, who said: "The government has no intention of privatising water north of the border."

But the Scots do not feel reassured.

First there is Kynoch's recent display of "loyalty": his company, Kynoch of Keith, was given £500,000 by the quango Scottish Enterprise, shortly before the firm was sold and all its jobs moved to the south of England. The money was not returned to the quango (see *Eye* 883).

Then there is the precedent set by Kynoch's fellow Tory, Neil MacFarlane, the under-secretary for the environment, in 1984. MacFarlane said, in words curiously similar to Kynoch's: "We have absolutely no intention of privatising the water industry [in England and Wales]". A month later Margaret Thatcher announced her "absolute" intention to privatise the industry.

TREASURER of the all-party parliamentary water group is Tory MP David Nicholson, whose Taunton constituents know all about the problems of the privatised water industry.

Their supplier is South West Water, which is famous for having the highest water bills in the country while pumping sewage straight into the sea and creating some truly filthy beaches.

Despite this, Nicholson surprised members of the public and various interest groups who attended the parliamentary water group's annual general meeting by refusing to discuss the group's funding in front of them. For the record, the group, which has been remarkable in its failure to get even one of its motions made into legislation, is funded by three main groups: the trade union UNISON, the Water Services Association (made up of the big nine privatised water companies) and the Water Companies Association (composed of the 18 statutory water associations).

PS: Nicholson enjoyed a trip to Paris last year with the all-party cable and satellite group courtesy of Compagnie Generale des Eaux, which owns several English water companies.

NOOKS AND CORNERS

THE IRA does not have it all its own way. I am happy to report that, by 16 votes to 1, with one abstention, the planning and transportation committee of the Corporation of London has turned down the application by the diocese of London and its favoured architects, Messrs Blee Ettwein Bridges, for developing the remains of poor old St Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, partially demolished by a bomb in 1993 (*Eye* 894, etc).

Among the reasons for refusal was that "the proposed facade on to Bishopsgate by virtue of its full-glazed treatment, the horizontal emphasis of the glazing pattern, as well as the height and roofline, and thereby the further exposure of the utilitarian glazed brick rear elevations of the hinterland properties and its lack of proclamation of purpose in the streetscape is considered to be unsatisfactory..." and because "the proposed development would result in the total loss of the ground level churchyard/open space to the rear of the church..." Quite.

This decision was made in spite of (because of?) intensive lobbying and the rubbishing of opponents by both Blee and the diocese, such that the Royal Fine Art Commission expressed "surprise and regret at the hole-and-corner tactics being used by the applicants." Each member of the planning committee was treated to 120 pages of text, drawings and colour photographs, a document which made much of the fact that Mr Anthony "Twee" Blee, the distinguished architect and freemason, had worked with Sir Basil Spence on the imaginative rebuilding of Coventry Cathedral, although Spence won that competition in 1951 and Blee only joined the firm as a junior assistant four years later. Besides, the wretched design for a glass box around the remains of St Ethelburga's seems to have been prepared by Mr Nick Bridges.

And, immediately before the meeting, the planning committee received a letter from the general-secretary of the London Diocesan Fund alleging "many errors of omission, fact and judgement" by the City's planning officers. It also claimed that "the Church has a different agenda from the temporal world. The destruction caused by the IRA was an extreme example of sin, which all of us commit daily. The architecture of the new St Ethelburga is a reminder of this and the need to seek God's constant forgiveness. In no way does the building celebrate violence: it echoes His promise of eternal salvation in the setting of the real world."

Well, the diocese certainly does have a different agenda from the Corporation of London and the rest of us, for it wants to replace a precious medieval place of worship and a churchyard by a money-making office block, shop and coffee bar, with just a few ancient arches retained as a sop to sentiment. But it is sometimes right that sentiment should sometimes demand the total recreation of an historic building destroyed by wicked violence, as with the centre of Warsaw and the palaces of St Petersburg. Chelsea Old Church, totally destroyed by a bomb in 1941, was lovingly rebuilt from a pile of rubble — in spite of the opposition of the diocese of London. Was that not right?

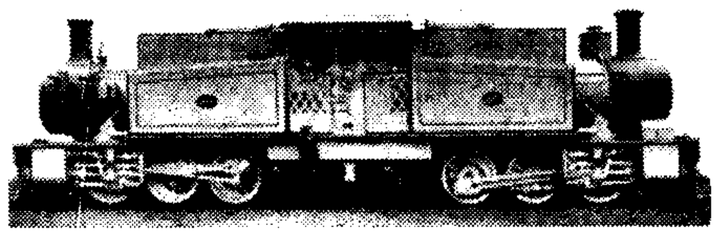
The scheme submitted by the Friends of St Ethelburga for restoring the church, with new parish offices and an enhanced garden with direct access from the street, was granted planning permission and listed building consent last year. Richard Chartres, the new Bishop of London, should now do the decent thing and carry it out. To do otherwise is to grant yet another victory to the IRA.

'Piloti'

and about 150 entries in *The Oxford Companion to the English Lanauge.* *Grauniad*

SIGNAL FAILURES

***EYE* readers have pointed out that franchise holders themselves will lose out if they adopt the hostile attitude of Stagecoach and Sea Containers to local services (see *Eye* 899).**



Years ago Richard Beeching made the mistake of failing to take account of the revenue contributed to profitable mainlines by connecting services which, taken in isolation, were unprofitable. Local lines were not the only ones axed as a result. For instance, the resorts of Ilfracombe and Porthcawl, on opposite sides of the Bristol Channel, both lost their railways despite heavy holiday trade.

BR learnt the lesson, but not the new franchisees, apparently, and this time the stakes are higher. Failure to connect at Crewe, for instance, could damage the huge market for long-distance travel from Chester and the Irish Sea port of Holyhead. The consultants paid millions of pounds to design our new railway system were also ignorant of Dr Beeching's error and created Railtrack penalties — to punish operators for delaying trains to await late-running connecting services.

The Conservatives meanwhile recycle their defence of 1986, when buses were deregulated, saying the new rail operators will maintain connections as they will need to maximise their appeal to the travelling public. If those Tories had used buses outside London in the late 1980s, however, they would know that the commercially driven bus industry was rife with customer-hostile practices (not all of which were imposed by the government) and that scores of bus firms soon went bust.

'Dr. B. Ching'

WHITE ELEPHANT NEWS

THE British Library has until the end of June to give a full explanation to the public accounts committee (PAC) of the massive overspend on its move to the St Pancras building. Library staff, however, are less interested in the outcome of the inquiry than in the performance of their chief executive, Dr Brian Lang.

Lang introduced unpopular and largely unreported policy changes at the end of last year. In a letter to him signed by all the library's departmental directors, concern was expressed at the lack of consultation and massive upheaval they would wreak.

The directors noted cuts "unprecedented in their severity" in all aspects of the British Library front line and support services. "These policy changes will seriously affect the library's ability to meet the needs of its users in a range of services, particularly those offered from and around the London reading rooms," they concluded. The areas affected will include reference collections of international repute which will, according to the directors, be "irrevocably damaged".

Only those able to pay for the service will have access to journals of science, medicine, social science, and humanities. The main priority of the national library will become commercial document supply. Is this *really* what the department of heritage wants?

Pseuds Corner

8.30 pm. 139g emu fillet cooked on griddle, served with 2 tbsps mostardi di Venezia (quince and mustard chutney); 1 leek; runner beans; 4 new potatoes (all vegetables boiled, no butter; squeeze of lemon); 1 bowl semolina.

NIGELLA LAWSON's Food Diary
Vogue

This is the first time I have realised there actually is a solution to the tough times we sometimes find ourselves experiencing, in whatever area of life they are. I like the river as an analogy of human life.

As we travel through the ups and downs of life we are buffeted by storms and warmed by the sun. But in the end we will always reach the peace and tranquillity of the ocean.

DUCHESS OF YORK
Here!

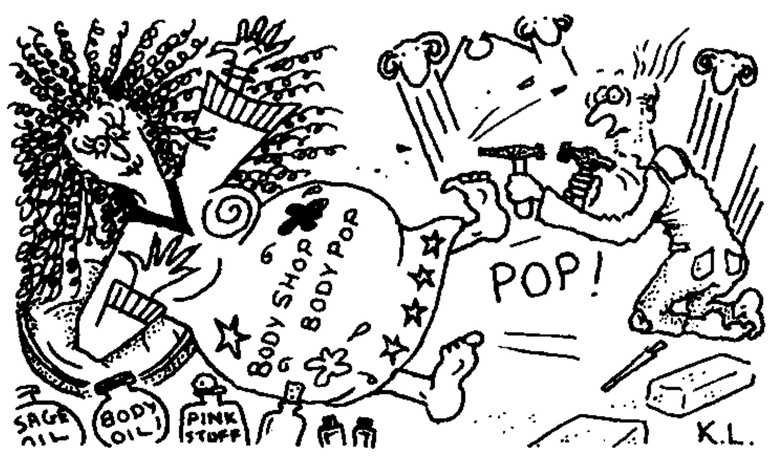
Saturnight and the brightness of night-light enthused another voyage beyonda and unperturbed by the purity and status of 'new venue' the sonic warrior went forth en bouyance — in The White Room.

Sean Townsend and crew have created quite a haven. First night flotation — give or take a few pendulamic souls — was grand.

Injected with the Solution sound of deep and bangin' house, vibrant bods were ax-cent-uated within brilliantly minimal surroundings.

Teased by intelligent lighting, the missionee could mingle upstairs full on and downstairs be smoothly chilled and the feel of the abstract and of the expression prevailed.

JOANNA JONES
'Land of Club', Leicester Mercury



My pregnancy was unbelievable. I wanted to do everything to make sure my child would be different. I put my belly near speakers with Beethoven playing. I said to Gordon, "Can't you make the crib in the shape of the Parthenon — anything to make this child more courageous and outrageous?" Justine plopped out perfect. I said, "Write to celebrate her birth," which he did.

ANITA RODDICK
Sunday Times Magazine

Sara Thornton chose to incarnate as a woman, born in Capricorn 1955. Her early years were spent in the Pacific, where she was joined by a soul sister, Billi. Today, having spent five years, five months and five days in prison, she has been reunited with her daughter Luise. When all legal proceedings have been exhausted, they visualize living in Cornwall. Whilst in prison, Sara dedicated her life to the goddess Isis. She harbours a vision of prisons as places of healing, and hopes to bring this cherished dream to fruition.

SARA THORNTON & GEORGE DELF
Love on the Wing (Penguin 1996)

Henry, Portrait of a Serial Killer: Consumer Response and the Entertainment Factor, Annette Hill, Roehampton Institute

"Faecal Phantoms: Oral and Anal Tensions in *The Tingler*", Mikita Brottman, University of East London

"*Tank Girl*: Postmodernist Intertextuality and Cultural Schizophrenia", Imelda Whelehan, De Montfort University and Esther Sonnet, Southampton Institute

From 'Film Fiction Symposium: Exploiting Audiences Across the English/Media Divide Dept of English, Media & Cultural Studies, De Montfort University

[Martin] Amis is a cultural icon: a laddish intellectual. He has been described variously as the "saviour of the modern novel"; "probably the most influential prose stylist since George Orwell"; "arguably our finest late-20th-century writer"; the "rock star of English literature" and the "English Hurley of letters".

LUCRETIA STEWART
Daily Telegraph

CONTRIBUTORS: C. Cumming, G. Vahramian, E. Gittins, E. Darkin, M. Sherlock, Anon, A. Wright.

£10 paid for entries

BBC reorganisation
(All channels)
Channel 4 privatisation row
(C4)

ABOUT 12 months ago BBC spin doctors discreetly offered media correspondents in turn first use of a juicy though unattributable scoop: that John Birt would not be seeking a second term as director-general of the BBC. His mission was completed with the renewal of the corporation's royal charter.

A number of hacks turned this down, suspecting that Birt was floating his availability to potential employers. Indeed, it soon emerged that he hoped to become chief executive of the national health service. At this point senior BBC staff were often heard impersonating Neil Kinnock's celebrated 1987 election speech: "I warn you not to fall ill, I warn you not to get old..."

The *Sunset Times* finally ran the story but was surprised when it referred back to the story earlier this year to receive a stiff letter from BBC spin doctors claiming Birt had never said he would decline a second term. In early June his four-year renewal was announced.

What had happened? First, Birt had failed to convince Tony Blair of the strength of the NHS idea and talks with CNN and NBC in America had come to nothing. Second, new BBC chairman Chris Bland was desperate to keep together the ex-LWT clique which represents his main hope of influence. So Birt stayed.

Confirmed in place, he had to find something to occupy him. Birt is a structuralist: command lines, not programming, are what excite him, so he reached for the back of an envelope and reshuffled the television, radio and World Service wings into four super new directorates, designed to separate the production and commissioning wings of the BBC.

Some of the doomwatchers' objections are accurate: radio and the World Service in particular have been downgraded. It is also true that the revised structure makes privatisation easier but, as "new" Labour privately says it believes the licence fee is doomed, Birt is following, not leading, the political agenda.

And there is also cause for optimism. Birt's obsession with bureaucratic shapes is so absolute he has never sought to influence programming outside his pet news and current affairs. This is why, despite Birtism, BBC1 and BBC2 have reached a peak of creative success in recent years which only grizzled believers in a mythical past Golden Age seriously deny.

For all the terror and talk of Stalinism that attaches to him, Birt's radical reforms are more honoured in the speech than the observance. His Producer Choice was rapidly abandoned as a day-to-day method of making programmes. The latest reorganisation achieved something of a record by collapsing within six days. The concessions wrung from Birt by BBC1 boss Alan Botney before he would accept the new post of director of programmes included the creation of a new creative board in which Botney will have clear authority over director of television Michael Jackson and director of radio Matthew Bannister. This refinement makes a mockery of the pyramid diagrams handed to the press the week before. These seemed to suggest that Will Wyatt had persuaded Birt to sideline Botney in favour of himself. But no. The thought of actually losing Botney panicked Birt into doubling his salary and giving him what he wanted. Even Birt has conceded that Botney is the one senior figure with any chance of raising the morale of programme-makers.

The real fears should be for Channel 4 which, simultaneously, faces a structural rehaul imposed from outside. The government is considering a manifesto promise to privatise it. A party source was quoted as saying: "We didn't actually realise we owned it".

This was probably true, as the financing of Channel 4 has long been television's equivalent of the Schleswig-Holstein question. It was established as a state-owned company but one which would be funded not by a licence fee but by advertising, initially subsidised by the ITV companies and then independently-raised. Chief executive Michael Grade has finally won a battle to end the system by which the ITV companies continued to take a share of Channel 4's profits, even though it had become financially independent.

The case for privatisation is superficially attractive — particularly to Fatty Clarke at the Treasury, who could do with £1.5 billion.

The problem is that Channel 4's make-up — one foot in statism, one foot in the market — was a subtle and clever construction. It was designed to guarantee that the channel's income would be mainly redirected towards its remit of "innovative and experimental" programme-making rather than the need to satisfy shareholders, who (particularly after a £1.5 billion privatisation purchase) would want fast comebacks.

Given that even the shift towards selling all its own advertising has reduced the innovation and experiment at C4 — and led to the dumbing of *Brookside* and the rise of tosh like *The Gaby Roslin Show* — it is not hard to see what effect handing the thing over to a caterer or newspaper tycoon might have. That the most successful creation in British broadcasting since the birth of the BBC might be sacrificed to free up the chancellor's budget options is a matter for terrible regret.

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS

THE BBC's recently announced plans to launch a 24-hour "rolling TV news" service have been largely overshadowed by the massive reorganisation (see last *Eye*) and hype about the new digital age.

But for staff at Broadcasting House, rolling TV news means armageddon. The massive cost of launching it will require 30 percent "savings" in radio news costs.

Already less than delighted by the prospect of an enforced move to the monstrous new building at White City (nicknamed White Elephant City), the hacks recently received a letter from their newly promoted boss Tony Hall. In it he says (as if it wasn't obvious) that such swingeing cuts probably can't be achieved without compulsory redundancies — a sure sign mass sackings are on the way.

But where will the axe fall? Already £13 million has to be slashed this year alone. The corporation's bosses continue to cling publicly to the fiction that cooperation between radio and TV, and new technology, will produce massive savings from the move to White Elephant City. Privately knives are being sharpened and rumours are flying.

Nor has morale been improved by the news that ABC in the states — part of one of the globe's largest media empires — has abandoned plans for a 24-hour TV news service because the project was too costly and the overcrowded market (CNN and Sky Drivel) too uncertain.

FILM MAKER Karl Francis, new head of drama at BBC Wales, wasted no time in carrying out the Birtian agenda.

The much respected drama producer Jane Dauncey, who has produced for the BBC Wales Playhouse and the award winning *Animated Shakespeare* series, as well as plays on Radio 3 and 4 — was invited to apply for the job she already does extremely well. Surprise, surprise, it was given to someone else.

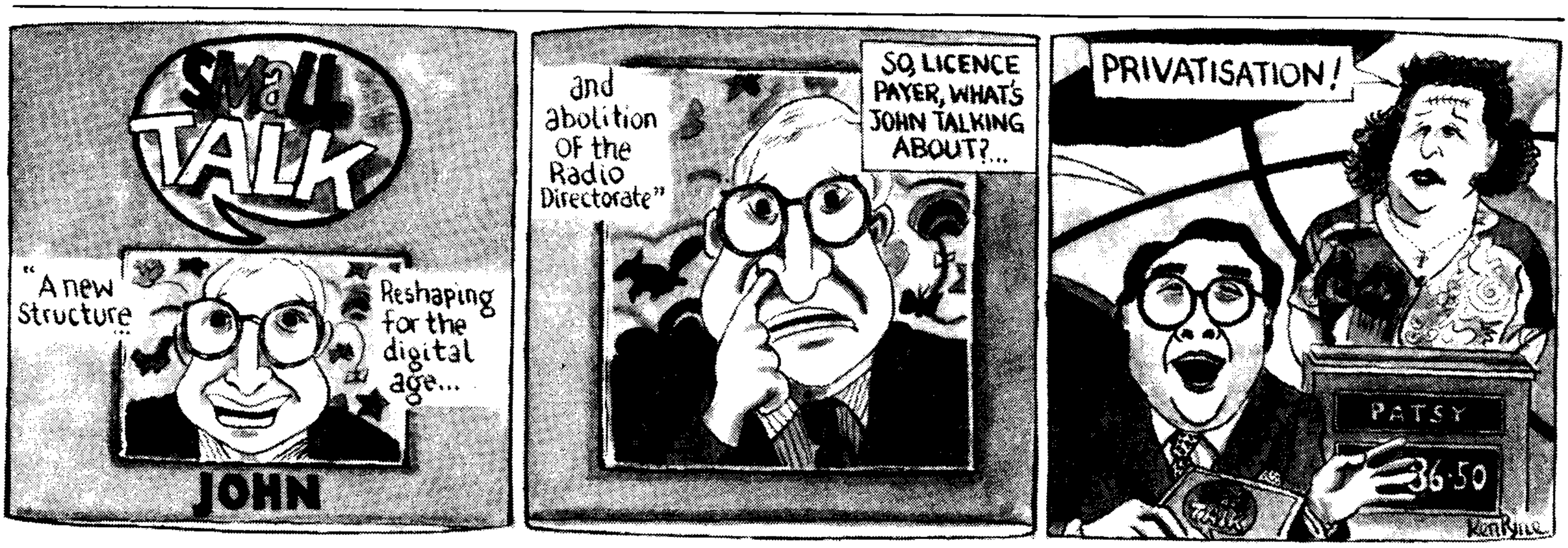
Meanwhile morale at the BBC headquarters in Cardiff continues to decline because, insiders point out, Francis has such a huge chip on his shoulder. "He thinks he's the world's greatest film maker, but not everyone agrees," said one. "Bald Eagle", as Francis is known, seems to have landed in hostile territory.

Season **(R)** *31799127* **1.40** All
Washed Out **(R)** *39064740* **2.10**
Andrew Neil **(S)** *7567276* **3.0** News

TV listing

HOW will teenager Michael Jackson's new job in charge of BBC1 and BBC2 affect the quality of programmes?

His own tastes were summarised in a comment he made to a friend shortly after taking over BBC2, when he announced that the channel ought to be "a creative combination of the *Daily Mail* and *Marie-Claire*". Yuk.



MORALE at BBC Pebble Mill continues to plummet. Following the demise of *Anne and Nick* and the *Pebble Mill* programme, head of network television Rod Natkiel has announced a major reshuffle of his department, including the appointment of John King as his deputy.

King has a formidable reputation as a programme-maker. In the 1980s he made an expensive series of entertainment shows for BBC1, *Saturday Night Party*, which was cancelled after only the second transmission. Cost: £250,000. Then there was the legendary floperoo *A Year in Provence*, for which he was co-executive producer. The series dropped from 14 million viewers to fewer than four million during its 12-week run. Cost: £1,080,000.

Buried somewhere in the vaults is an even more spectacular disaster, *Treasure Islands*, for which King flew Jim Davidson and a cast of competitors to Australia's Great Barrier Reef to take part in a gameshow which no one could understand. The resulting programme was untransmittably awful. Cost: £500,000.

King will also be remembered by *Eye* readers as the man who sold the commercial rights to *Telly Addicts* to Noel Edmonds for a nominal fee — leaving Noely chortling all the way to the bank.

King's success stems mainly from inheriting already proven shows such as *Top Gear*, *The Clothes Show* and *Gardeners' World*. Oh, and there are also the many programmes featuring wildlife photographer Simon King — who just happens to be his son.

AFTER a brisk internal inquiry following stories in the last two issues of the *Eye*, BBC TV has discovered that its head of drama series, Chris Parr, "did receive a personal loan from a personal friend who is also a director of an independent production company".

By doing so, according to the official statement issued last week, he "potentially compromised his role as Head of Drama Series with influence over the selection of independent productions". He has therefore "stepped down" from his job. However, "there is no evidence of financial or contractual impropriety" and Parr will continue to work as an executive drama producer at the Beeb.

Although the BBC press release gives no further details, the *Eye* understands that the "personal loan", of about £60,000, was supplied by Portobello Productions, the company which made the BBC's *Dalziell and Pascoe* police series. Parr needed the money to put down a deposit on a house in London. (He already owns two houses in Birmingham and another in France.)

Industry figures are amazed that the BBC has kept him on, especially as during his enforced absence from work over the past month he made at least two attempts to find employment elsewhere. Assuming his days at the corporation were numbered, he approached both Peter Ansorge of Channel 4 and Nick Elliott at ITV's Network Centre in his quest for a job — but without success. The BBC has obviously decided it is so short of talent it cannot lose Parr, a respected programme maker with a long track record.

BBC bosses hope the storm has now blown over, but others feel that the relations between senior TV executives and independent production companies are so incestuous that it cannot be long before further embarrassing revelations come to light.

HACKWATCH: PUTTING THE BOOT IN

"OUR Euro 96 fax line was jammed solid with readers bursting with pride," the *Sun* reported last Thursday, two days after England's victory over Holland. The readers were, apparently, as proud of their newspaper as of their football team. "Thanks to the *Sun*," one gushed, "who supported the lads when things weren't going well while all the other so-called sports writers slagged us off rotten."

Yes indeed. Here are a few samples of the *Sun*'s heroic refusal to slag off "the lads":

27 May: "A bungle in the jungle, a pong in the Kong," is the verdict of football correspondent Martin Samuel on England's 1-0 victory over a scratch side in Hong Kong. "England's last fixture before Euro 96 would have been laughable were it not so thoroughly distressing. The opposition wore shocking pink. Tel's lot were just shocking... This was a fiasco." An editorial describes England's performance as "appalling" and concludes that "the Germans are likely to win the championships". Most supportive.

29 May: The *Sun* denounces the "abysmal antics" of England players on a flight from Hong Kong. "Gascoigne has been a total embarrassment to English football on so many occasions," soccer reporter Brian Woolnough adds.

30 May: "Paul Gascoigne has let down his country AGAIN," Brian Woolnough observes. "Sadly, no one is in the least surprised." In an editorial, the *Sun* describes the England players as "yobbos".

31 May: "DISGRACEFOOL," screams a front-page headline over a photo of Gazza and chums in a nightclub. "Look at Gazza... a drunk oaf with no pride." Inside, the paper speaks its mind: "Paul Gascoigne... is a foul-mouthed, beer-swilling lout who would bring shame to a football terrace, never mind a football pitch. Our Page One picture says it all. If that is how the cream of English soccer think they should behave then we may as well pull out of Euro 96 now. Because the only thing we'll win is the Men Behaving Badly Trophy for Drunken Also-Rans."

3 June: "The England soccer fiasco goes from bad to worse..."

5 June: Sports columnist John Sadler takes stock. "Ah well, time to look forwards, not backwards, I suppose. But I do worry about what awaits us over the next three weeks." The irresponsible behaviour of Terry Venables's squad "hardly inspires confidence in the prospect of England going all the way."

7 June: The *Sun*'s "top soccer writers" offer their expert predictions. Brian Woolnough, Martin Samuel, Colin Young, John Sadler, Ben Bacon and Mike Ellis are unanimous: Italy will win the tournament. What about England? No chance.

8 June: The day of England's first game, against Switzerland, and the patriotic *Sun* is belatedly rallying behind our boys. "England have every chance of winning the European Championship," Martin Samuel announces. "In Terry Venables, England have their most tactically astute manager since Ramsey."

10 June: Whoops! England's 1-1 draw with Switzerland is described by Martin Samuel as "a kick up the cowbells for Venables and his men": the players were useless, the manager's tactics were incomprehensible. John Sadler agrees: "I found it staggering that a coach of Venables' reputation for attention to detail started a major tournament with a line-up that hadn't played together before!"

11 June: A *Sun* "exclusive" reveals that three England players went nightclubbing hours after "the team's dismal debut" in Euro 96. "England clearly haven't learned any lessons from their shameful antics in Hong Kong," the paper rages, supportive as ever.

13 June: "We're two days away from England's biggest soccer match in 30 years... Let's all put the niggles behind us." But the *Sun* can't resist one more niggle: "Terry Venables is silly to call the papers 'traitors'..." Quite so.

WHATEVER the vagaries of its "support" for England, the *Sun* has at least done its bit for international peace and harmony. "Let's be proud of our country and our flag," it instructed readers on 8 June, the opening day of Euro 96. "But let's also have a superb performance off the field, too. Treat our European guests with respect and affection."

As usual, it has led by example. "The Jocks will be crocks at full-time on Saturday," it predicted on the eve of the game against Scotland. "Stuff it up the Jocks."

"Get out and clog Holland, lads," was its advice three days later. "GO AND GUT 'EM GAZZA!"

"GIVE 'EM A SPAINKING", a front-page headline yelled last Thursday, above the news that Frank Bruno had urged England "to give Spain a good thrashing".

And so to the German game, previewed on Monday with the simple exhortation "LET'S BLITZ FRITZ".

Not *very* respectful or affectionate, perhaps. But at least the *Sun* has a consistent record of xenophobia. The *Daily Mirror*, by contrast, claims to be a Europhile newspaper: as recently as 31 May it was denouncing "the foaming Euro-bashers" and praising the "wonderful... spirit of mutual European cooperation". Since then, however, the *Mirror* has become the most foaming Euro-basher of them all:

18 June: The day of the England-Holland match: "GIVE THEM EDAM GOOD THRASHING."

20 June: In preparation for the game against Spain, the *Mirror* lists 10 things the Spanish have given Europe — including carpet bombing, the Inquisition, Spanish flu and syphilis. For the benefit of any would-be hooligans, it also points out that in the crowd at Wembley there will be "only 4,000 Spanish to face 72,000 Brits".

24 June: In a Neville Chamberlain-style message on the front page, *Mirror* editor Piers Morgan issues a "public declaration of hostilities", announcing that his paper is at "war with Germany". The jape is continued inside: "We have decided to teach the Hun a lesson..." Meanwhile, columnist Tony Parsons gives his verdict on the championship so far: "The kind of thugs who have blighted England fixtures in the past have been overwhelmed by the decent, ordinary fan. Even among that sea of St George flags, there has been no place for racism in Euro 96."

Of course not.

BIRTSPEAK (cont.)

A PRIME example of John Birt's dedication to consultation and discussion with his colleagues was a telephone interview he gave on 10 June to Alex Brodie about the future of the World Service.

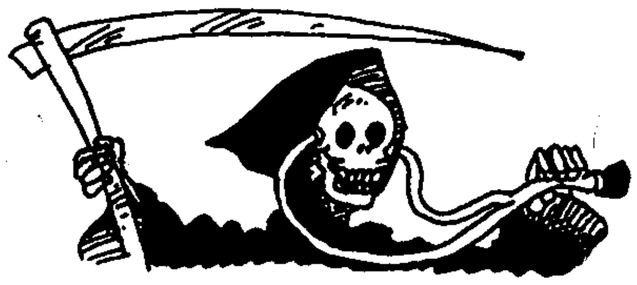
Brodie asked: "Were senior World Service people in on these discussions that led to this plan?"

Birt: "This, if you've seen it, is a far-reaching plan affecting every part of the BBC. We're an organisation which is facing revolutionary technological change — the digital age is upon us. This is a plan which designs a structure for the BBC to meet that challenge. It affects every single part of the BBC — including World Service. All of the ideas in this, at some point or other, have been discussed with my colleagues, but it is in the nature of things that it was necessary to pull together all of these very far-reaching changes and to discuss them with a relatively small number of people."

Brodie, a long-serving World Service hack, persevered through the waffle. He asked again: "Are you saying, in answer to that question, that senior World Service staff were not involved in the discussions?"

Birt: "Oh, they have been fully involved in all of the discussions about the BBC's strategic changes that we face over the next five or ten years. And those... [long pause]... I think there's someone else on the line. You'll have to repeat the question."

The *Eye* has confirmed there was no one else on the line. But the interruption did the trick. Birt never answered the question and Brodie hadn't the gall to ask it a third time.



DOING THE ROUNDS

IT'S NOT often the failure of a public computer project directly affects patients' welfare, but in its rush to introduce the new Pulse computer system, the National Blood Authority may put lives at risk.

The commonest cause of transfusion-related fatalities is a patient being given mismatched blood due to a clerical error. One cause of this is a misread of the six-figure identification tag. However, against the advice of the advisory committee, blood bags will soon carry an additional identification number, the second being a Pulse-friendly international standard code that the NBA is trying to rush through.

Instead of following a three-year trial period as in the United States, both systems will run concurrently — thus maximising the possibility of confusion.

The Pulse system is already a year behind schedule, as ministers were planning to finance it with private money before changing their minds last November. The NBA's specialist services computer which will run with Pulse and carries essential tissue-typing information is also late. All this would be less risky if the NBA weren't simultaneously decimating its bulk-processing centres at Lancaster, Liverpool, Oxford and Cambridge, and losing some of its most experienced staff.

Amid the confusion, the NBA forgot to remind its main customer (400 hospitals) that they will have to find £10 million for new equipment, software and training. Scottish hospitals were also invited to become part of the NBA's fantastic new national computer system — but politely declined.

● NURSES' fears that the performance related pay (PRP) promised to top up their princely 2 percent pay awards will never arrive appear well founded.

The **National Association of Health Authorities and Trusts** is citing "a great leap in emergency admissions" as one explanation for its members' unprecedented financial difficulties, and nurses are being given the customary "patients will suffer" line to explain why there is no money left for PRP.

Perversely it is often the trusts who do the most performing who have least money for PRP, since any treatment over and above contractual obligations goes unfunded. At present, less than a quarter of Britain's 488 trusts are even in negotiation over a local pay deal and even then the offers are tiny (0.7 percent is typical). But for the vast majority of nurses the equation is even bleaker: 2% plus PRP = Er, 2%

● THE catering department at **Nottingham's Queen's Medical Centre** has also been doing some sums. For the last few years, managers have used the catering services to entertain assorted quangocrats, VIPs and other freeloaders from a "hospitality budget". The caterers received a delayed payment of £2,000 for their trouble and nothing more was said — until the catering contract was put up for private tender. The in-house team was then forced to reexamine its figures in preparation for a bid and discovered it should have been paid £52,000 for the hospitality. No doubt the caterers will recoup the loss in performance-related pay.

● KEN HOLMES, payroll manager at **Bath's Royal United hospital**, has sent an interesting memo to all of the trust's managers.

"Following a recent Inland Revenue audit, we have been reminded that travelling expenses paid from home may be tax free only when the emergency is first dealt with from home. The Inland Revenue are very specific that this is a concession and that any abuse of the system could result in its withdrawal and/or a penalty fine. Therefore we would ask that you, as manager, can certify that each journey is an emergency and **advice was given over the phone in the first instance** from home."

Loosely translated, managers are not allowed to drop everything and rush into their hospital in an emergency if they want to keep their tax free travel expenses — they have to prevaricate on the phone first. On a more sinister note, the memo has also been sent to consultants.

● MRSA — or multi-resistant staphylococcus aureus — is, to doctors and patients, a very hardy bacterium which, because of its resistance to a wide range of antibiotics, can cause severe infections which are extremely difficult to treat. To a manager, however, MRSA is something far, far more serious.

As a memo to all clinical directors from Dr Iain Davidson, medical director at **Edinburgh Royal Infirmary**, puts it: "The Trust has been affected by several outbreaks of MRSA in the past months and it is essential to reduce the number of these and the effect they have... MRSA outbreaks lead to difficulties with emergency admissions and the cancellation of elective operations. Both of these have a high public profile and could result in adverse publicity. They could also lead to a reduction in a directorate's income from the purchaser..."

● HE'S BACK: NHS ombudsman William Reith's latest collection of NHS cock-ups (*Eyes passim ad nauseam*) is out and on the shelves.

Managers at **Orpington hospital** are branded with the now familiar "shameful incompetence" tag after they took just 14 months to reply to a complaint about a missing hospital patient later found dead. In addition, the search for the missing man, who suffered from dementia, was "incomplete and uncoordinated."

Staff at **Hampshire's Park Prewett hospital** also get a wrap across the knuckles for discharging elderly patients to a private nursing home without proper arrangements. And finally, a stroke patient who was nursed inappropriately on a short stay ward at **Kent's Medway hospital** developed a large pressure sore that needed extensive surgery. "Disgraceful" was the verdict.

M.D.

DOWN ON THE FARM

WITH the ministry of agriculture (Maffia) boasting of having despatched more than 100,000 cattle in its fatuous "cattle destruction scheme", the remains, in the form of meat and bonemeal mountain, are rapidly accumulating and storage space is becoming hard to find.

In a bid to solve the problem, the largest rendering company in the UK, Prosper de Mulder, has developed a unique system for burning meat and bonemeal to produce heat for, er... rendering cattle. By happy chance the heat from the meat and bonemeal produced by one cow is exactly that needed to render a single carcase, so the process becomes energy self-sufficient, a sort of cow-boils-cow system.

Glowing with success, the company put in for a £500,000 EU grant to help with the capital outlay, but the application was turned down. Meanwhile the UK government has offered its friends National Powergen £1 million to carry out feasibility studies on burning meat and bonemeal in power stations — seemingly unaware that Prosper de Mulder can put a full system in for half the cost.

TONBRIDGE and Malling district council has just produced a report on a salmonella food-poisoning outbreak which last year affected 61 old people who had been supplied by a private meals-on-wheels company working under contract to Kent social services.

The company, Lifespan Healthcare, had been awarded the contract in preference to the Women's Institute, which was not considered to be sufficiently hygienic.

The suspect food, which killed two of its consumers, was thought to have been a strawberry mousse made with raw eggs. Both the consultant in communicable disease control, Dr Vernon Hochuli, and the local environment health officer, John Batty, have blamed the eggs even though no salmonella bug was found in eggs remaining from the batch used to make the food.

Although Hochuli, like so many who have investigated "egg" outbreaks, admitted the source of contamination "remains conjecture", he was confident the association between eggs and infection was "strong enough to exclude chance". But he did not admit that his health officers had identified the egg supplying farm and, although they had visited it, had not called for an investigation. Neither did he admit that the egg producer had tested the hens, which had been found free of salmonella, casting some doubt on the official conclusion.

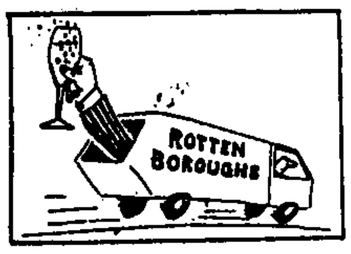
But then there is nothing like constructive omission to make sure a good theory sticks. Perhaps Hochuli should be appointed by the Maffia to research into the causes of BSE. He is obviously familiar with its methods.

'New Muckspreader'

Old Macdonald

ALBERT

WE SHOULD STICK TO NON-CO-OPERATION GEORGE! IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO DEAL WI' THESE BLOODY EUROPEANS!
YOURE RIGHT THERE TOMMY!
GPO
BRING THE WHOLE GHASTLY BUREAUCRATIC SYSTEM TO A GRINDIN' HALT!
ABSOLUTELY!
WHAT D'YOU MEAN YOU HAVENT GOT MY BLEEDIN' SUBSIDY CHEQUE!



THE
Rotten Borough Advertiser
Friday, 28 June 1996

ALLY PALLY SHILLY-SHALLY

MORE on the disastrous development of Alexandra Palace, where Haringey council has finally admitted liability for up to £60 million worth of debt run up after previous disastrous development projects. Councillors had tried to foist the debt on to the palace's charitable trust.

The most recent would-be developer for the 123-year-old building was a consortium led by Champions Leisure Holdings Ltd — until it emerged that Derek Sheldon, chair of the consortium, was an undischarged bankrupt with personal debts of £1 million.

Haringey council had picked a man to head the development whose venture into golf courses had run out of money with only two holes turfed. He then moved on to bowling alleys, all of which were later sold and the companies dissolved.

Haringey only discovered its blunder when a former flatmate of Sheldon spotted that he was connected with the venture. Not surprisingly Haringey has quietly let Mr Sheldon leave the deal.

The two members of the consortium left are Alfred McAlpine and Pillar. They joined the consortium at the behest of Sheldon with no development plans of their own. So Haringey council now finds itself lumbered with a developer who has no plans for the site and did not enter the competition in the first place. The two companies have three months to develop some plans for the ill-fated Ally Pally.

Macdonald's Mcfraud Report

MORE evidence has come to light exposing the inadequacies of the flawed MacDonald report into recruitment fraud and corruption in Hackney.

On the subject of corrupt personnel officers, MacDonald states on page 453: "There was no evidence of corruption by any personnel officers." Odd, given that on page 246 MacDonald tells the story of a "36-year-old Nigerian called Lolad Onitera who worked as a personnel officer, having entered the UK using a false British passport, and who got his job with Hackney by using the national insurance number of a teenage girl, whose name he adopted".

The chance that 15 out of 16 rent recovery officers appointed were West African, when they make up only 6 per cent of Hackney's population, is something like 267 million-to-one.

Meanwhile with no end in sight to the saga of Bernard Crofton (*Eyes passim ad nauseam*), word reaches the *Eye* that council chief executive Tony Elliston is now investigating an auditor, Chris Gibson. This is embarrassing since the council has been employing Gibson for the last year to investigate... recruitment fraud.

JUNKET OF THE WEEK

COUNCILLORS in North Lanarkshire have found the money for four continental junkets in recent weeks.

Three members went to Finland for the three-day conference "Sustainable Inter-regional Transport in Europe" after colleagues had returned from twinning trips to Bron in France, Grimma in Germany and Gatchina in Russia.

On their way back perhaps they bumped into the 17 officials who had returned from Schweinfurt in Germany. Coincidentally the council has just introduced charges for home care helpers leaving many North Lanarkshire folk unable to afford the service.

HOMES FOR, ER, BOTES

LAMBETH council has settled its three-year high court action with Botes Building Ltd, agreeing to pay the firm £3.6 million.

At stake was whether Botes had overcharged Lambeth for repairing council flats in the north of the borough and bribed two council officers. The legal costs — last estimate: £7 million — will be borne by rent increases for council tenants, some of whose repair jobs were at the heart of the case.

The deal was struck after Lambeth chief executive Heather Rabbatts had direct talks with Ian Botes without informing Lambeth's appointed solicitors, Mishcon de Reya. When Mishcon de Reya's team of Anthony Morton-Hooper and Stanley Brodie QC from Mishcon de Reya learnt of the secret talks, they sent Rabbatts an apoplectic five-page letter.

Far from losing the case, Mishcon told Rabbatts, Lambeth could win the case and receive as much as £2.5 million from Botes. The solicitors pointed out how well the case was going and stated, "that the trial is unlikely to get any better from Botes' point of view". Rabbatts was reminded that Botes had originally claimed £9.4 million plus costs, yet was now willing to accept £6 million less. Mishcon chided Rabbatts for holding secret talks and told her it was not possible to give her the best advice when it was not told what is going on.

Lib Dem and Labour councillors combined to rubber-stamp the expensive settlement, after Alan Wilkie QC told them the deal did not breach the 1972 local government act. With costs and the settlement, Lambeth faces a bill of £10.6 million but no inquiry into the fiasco is planned. The icing on the cake for Botes is that the settlement includes an agreement that the firm be placed back on the council's list of approved contractors!

IN THE LIBRARY

LIVERPOOL council's 10-year financial crisis is most obvious in the city's libraries.

In the once prestigious Central Library, you can't find a book printed after 1985 — the start of the Hatton era. Branch libraries have also suffered, and the latest cost-cutting proposals include sacking four senior children's librarians — effectively removing the library service for kids.

Though ratepayers were outraged two years ago to learn that chief librarian Paul Catchside had a private business flogging old library books from his department's surplus (Eye 839), Cashside [sic] received the mildest reprimand and continues to preside over further reductions in services.

Hard-pressed librarians were further gobsmacked that Catchside appeared on The Shane Ritchie Experience in a backing group of male singers in drag, dressed as Dolly Parton! He has also strutted his stuff on stage at Manchester's GMex Centre as novelty support for Take That!

IN BRIEF

SPELTHORNE: Tory councillor Basil Miles, fined £300 for gross indecency in a public lavatory, will not resign his seat and force a by-election on the council the Tories hold with a majority of one. Funnily enough Miles went cottaging outside the area because his council had closed all the public lavs; and there has been not a peep from Spelthorne MP David Wilshire, Tory architect of the anti-gay clause 28 bill.

KENSINGTON & CHELSEA: What happens if a small business rents a "secure" storage unit from the business friendly council and heavy building work in offices above, by Kier London Ltd, causes flooding? When one businessman so affected applied for compensation, the council said no but suggested he take legal proceedings against it instead. It would then counter-sue the contractor. The man issued a writ as instructed and is still waiting: the council says it won't now sue the contractor and the man has losses of nearly £15,000.

HILLINGDON: Labour councillors are caught in an asbestos scandal having removed toxic material from Barnhill and Hillingdon North wards but not the rest of the borough. The asbestos was found 10 years ago but only deemed dangerous when a by-election was called in Barnhill. The removal may have helped Labour win. Or not. The winner was called John Major.

Labour councillor Paul Jackson, blown down in a gale and replaced with a temporary wooden structure, had been in a dangerous state for more than two years. *Islington Gazette*

RED FACE OF THE WEEK

BAD news from Bognor, where the Kingsroyal lettings agency has collapsed with debts of £200,000, with £5,000 owed to Arun council. This is embarrassing for Arun chief executive Ian Sumnall, whose wife runs... the Kingsroyal lettings agency.

BRAVERY AWARD

WHILE Manchester citizens went straight back to work after the IRA bomb, elements in the book trade were more cautious.

Promotional appearances in bookshops in Manchester and Dublin for the seminal work *Male Supermodels: The Men of Boss*, published by Thames & Hudson/Scalo, were axed at a few hours' notice for fear that the hunky Men of Boss might be assassinated.

Complainants were told by a snotty press officer in New York: "I find it peculiar so many of you people over there don't understand. Perhaps you are accustomed in Ireland and Britain to a whole shopping mall disappearing in a bomb, but we are not in the US. Maybe you are more familiar with the situation, but we have to defer to the level of concern among our people about going there."

HUSBAND

You are accused of stealing 4 cans of lager from Dresdo Superstore
3 cans
erm.. It says 4 cans here
Well it's Wrong
They've got a special offer on, buy 4 cans you get one free

Letters

Under attack

Sir,

Re — Everyone to be compensated (EYE *900). I am a little disappointed. I have read your organ for four years now and have recently subscribed, and have always loved reading just about all of it. However, I was a bit raddled last week when Joshua Rosenbeard compared Post Traumatic Stress Disorder to being slightly cheesed off, or upset with something, basically playing down the whole problem of PTSD.*

I myself was not offended but I suddenly felt for those people who are afflicted with this condition which can leave their lives shattered, sometimes permanently. I have been informed that the feeling can be worse than "normal" depression. I thought this was unfair, heartless, ignorant, arrogant and generally a no-no. I understand that for a mag to be amusing it has to tread on some toes and really cut close to the boundaries of legality but to pick on the unfortunate people in our society is tasteless.

Oh, Happy 900th birthday (sorry it's late).
ROBERT ENDICOTT,
Birmingham

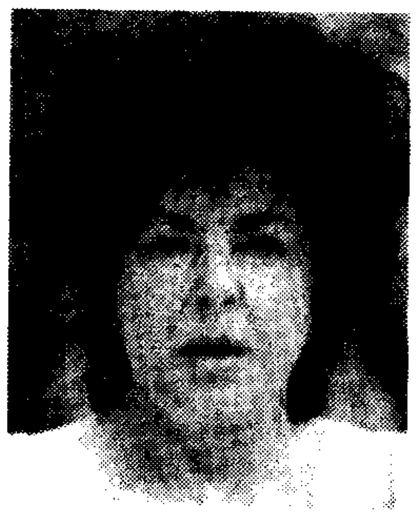
Sir,

I'm not convinced that Mrs Ethel Gumbridge's feeling of disappointment when she gave her son a tie that he didn't like (EYE *900) should be equated with the feelings of the policemen at Hillsborough who had to try and resuscitate crushed teenagers. Satire? No. It's just a cheap crack.*

Like Paula Yates.

Yours,
C. SKELTON,
Rotherhithe.

Lookalike



Brand

Taylor

Sir,

How odd that those two female icons, Elizabeth Taylor and Jo Brand, should look so alike. Are they by any chance related?

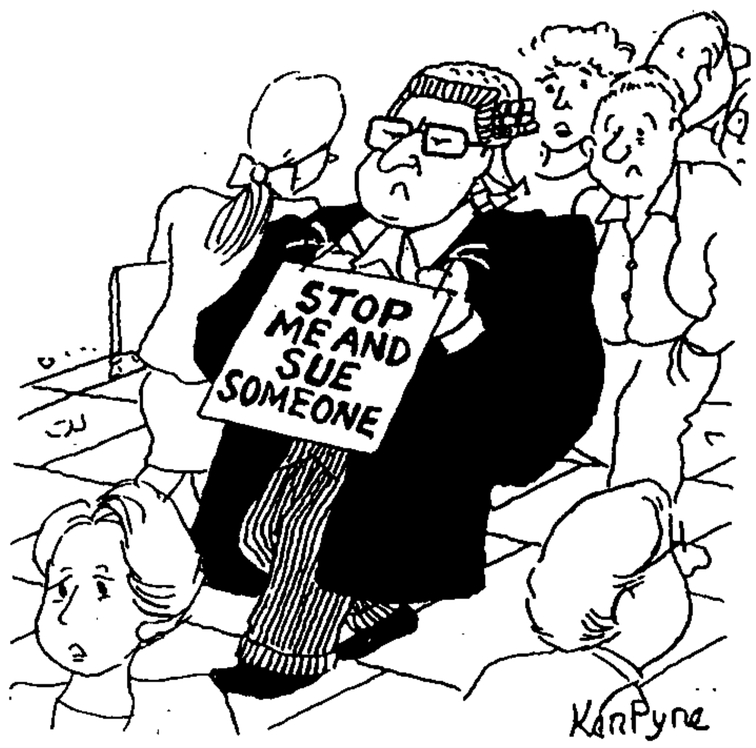
ENA B. CAKEHOLE,
Address withheld.

Spirit messenger

Sir,

You seem to show insufficient sympathy for Lord Hollick at Express Newspapers in his quest for an alcohol-free workplace. The poor fellow must have suffered dearly at his prep school. Doubtless the temptation to name him "Alco" must have been overwhelming. One can surely understand why he should now act so spiritedly against his bibulous underlings.

Yours addictively,
CHILLIES HULETT MFEKA,
Toronto, via e-mail.



Keeping council

Sir,

I read in the Rotten Borough Advertiser (EYE *899) yet another attack on the former Lib Dem council in Tower Hamlets.*

I live in Tower Hamlets and I know the Liberals were kicked out two years ago and we've had a Labour council since.

Call me picky, if you must, but isn't a satirical magazine supposed to take the rise out of the party in power, not pick up their press releases?

Keep up the (otherwise) good work.

Yours sincerely,
RICHARD FLOWERS,
London E14.

PS: Maybe you can find out why the street cleaning budget has been cut by two thirds while the council's entertaining expenses have more than doubled.

Piers of the realm

Sir,

Paul Foot made an uncharacteristic slip in your last issue: Rhyl Pier was demolished in 1973 when Rod Richards was probably still in short trousers. But there are 48 other piers still standing and we hope your readers will visit them on Sunday 30 June, which is National Piers Day.

Yours somewhere at sea,
ANTHONY WILLS,
Hon. Secretary, National Piers Society.

Missing link

Sir,

HP Sauce (EYE *900) refers to my having "enjoyed much media attention" during recent weeks. Personally I would have chosen a different adjective [sic] as I am convinced that any enjoyment derived through the "Serb donations to the Tory Party" hoo-ha was clearly intended for the benefit of others. I do however have a sneaking suspicion that I may well see the funny side of it yet!*

All however is not bleak. I have been encouraged by the responsible approach adopted by most of the tabloid press, and the EYE *itself. This is in contrast to some of the broadsheets who don't seem to know a non-story when they see one.*

Irritatingly, however, the EYE *(899 and 900) has succumbed to the use of that irksome word "linked". This word should have been wiped from journalistic vocabulary long ago. It is seldom used properly and is normally an excuse to run an otherwise spurious argument.*

Example: HP Sauce refers to my "links" to an organisation called Western Goals and the Anglo-Celtic-Saxon descent of the ten lost tribes of Israel, together with another group, the New Britain Party!

The "link" arises because I once submitted freelance copy (on the internal combustion engine) to a local paper that employed two individuals, who it turns out quite separately became members of these absurd organisations. Having set off down this spurious path I am disappointed that the EYE *has also failed to "link" me to Bomber Command through its former heroic lynch pin, Freda Firebrace (Miss); a splendid old trout who went on to become a director of the self same* CITY OF LONDON NEWS *once she had finished off Hitler.*

This inevitably leads us back to the case of the so-called Tory supporting, but otherwise highly respectable, "Serbian" businessman who has been foolishly "linked" by some to Karadzic, even though he doesn't know the man from Adam.

Foreigner though this tycoon may have been at birth, our by now British friend is quick witted enough to have spotted the weak "link" in the broadsheet slurs. As a result this highly respected entrepreneur has sensibly embarked on some serious fundraising of his own, through the capable hands of Messrs Peter Carter-Ruck and Partners, who know their way around the Street of Shame like a black cab driver knows his A-Z.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN KENNEDY,
Prospective Parliamentary Candidate, Halesowen & Rowley Regis Conservative Association.

PS: My maternal grandfather was a director of HP foods!

Bad attitude

Sir,

In the past you have described Peter McKay as the world's worst columnist. Well, I've found someone who makes him look good. The person is Petronella Wyatt. She isn't just bad, she's appalling.

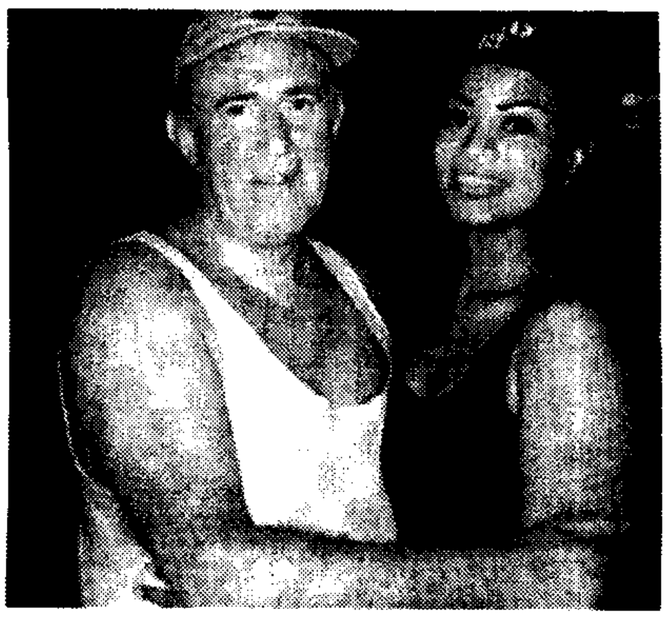
Yours faithfully,
DAVID J.B. SMITH,
London E10.

Beef meats vest

Sir,

I know that we Germans, and the Labour party, are responsible for BSE and the ban on British beef, but surely there is no ban on British "beefcake". Why did you have not the picture of the mature gentleman and his pretty companion, that has gladdened the heart of many German women, in your recent edition?

Yours in sadness,
RAMONA MATTHEI,
Bretnig, Germany.



I-SPY *Dorset*

Submitted by Mrs Jocelyn McCormick. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

The great dictator

Sir,

Unlike Nick Rankin (Letters, EYE *900) I found your reviewer's impression of Steve Jones as a media phenomenon remarkably accurate. He is not a* **bad** *scientist or communicator but he certainly does not stand out from the crowd in the way that "journalists and radio producers" appear to think. Nick Rankin's claim that "working scientists who can talk to an ordinary audience in a way that is clear and sharp" are a rarity makes me wonder how hard anyone is looking, and how he defines an ordinary audience — one composed of journalists and radio producers, perhaps?*

The great puzzle is why has this competent but rather ordinary scientist so captivated media types? Anyone who has heard the Great Melvyn introduce Jones on START THE WEEK *will know that he is eulogised quite bizarrely, as if he were a messiah. I suspect, ironically, that it is because of two of Jones's weaknesses, rather than his strengths, as a science writer and broadcaster. One is his frequent use of literary references, as if the opinions of fiction writers confirmed observations of how the real world works; the other is his habit of slipping in politically correct* **dicta**. *On the one hand he makes arts graduates feel he is almost one of them, and on the other he provides a balm against the frightening bits of reality.*

Yours sincerely,
CHRISTOPHER PADLEY,
Market Rasen, Lincolnshire.

Latest addition

Sir,

Your I-I-I Special claims Menzies Campbell MP makes 30 appearances in the latest edition of the Liberal Democrats' NORTH EAST FIFE NEWS. *This is an outrageous slur. He actually appears 43 times!*

IAIN SMITH,
Constituency Agent, North East Fife Liberal Democrats/Menzies Campbell MP.

Dropping a line

Sir,

*Your Hackwatch on Zoë Heller (*EYE *900) was right on the mark. Curiously, though, you neglected to mention the most puzzling inclusion in her weekly trek through US domestic activity. Why, at the photo shoot for her new column photo, did she feel she had to remove her underwear to lessen the risk of a "VPL"? If you have seen the photo of Ms Heller in her jeans, facing camera, you may wonder just how a VPL would have manifested itself. I can only surmise that, as there is some doubt as to which orifice exactly she uses for speech, perhaps her undergarments were originally on her head.*

Yours faithfully,
A.R. REYNOLDS,
Harpenden, Herts.

Eur balls

£10 paid for contributions

"There are two schools of thought on the way the rest of this half is going to develop; everybody's got their own opinion..."
KEVIN KEEGAN, England v. Switzerland
(Tom Nuttall)

"... and there's the Swiss manager with the manicured moustache."
BRIAN MOORE, England v Switzerland
(Colin Craigie)

Brian Moore: *England could certainly do with a second goal at this stage.*
Kevin Keegan: *Or even a third goal, to make doubly sure.*
England v. Switzerland
(Nicholas W. Hill)

"Pearce with the kick... the last throw for England."
BRIAN MOORE, England v. Switzerland
(Nicholas W. Hill)

"Stoichkov is pointing at the bench with his eyes."
DAVID PLEAT, Radio 5 Live
(Roy Williams)

"This could be a repeat of the final..."
KEVIN KEEGAN, England v. Holland
(Ken Pyne)

John Champion: *Well, we've just had the comical sight of the fourth official inflating a THIRD ball with a bicycle pump... I've always said UEFA officials have an inflated opinion of themselves, David.*
David Pleat: *There are seven trees to every person in this city...*
Radio 5 Live
(Paul Connolly)

"Goalkeepers — they're not born today until they're in their late twenties or early thirties..."
KEVIN KEEGAN, England v. Holland
(Richard Bean)

HOM SAP

AUSTIN

I RECOMMEND THAT YOU EMPLOY THIS MAN..
IN THE BELIEF THAT HE CAN DO FOR YOUR COMPANY..
..WHAT HE HAS DONE FOR MINE.
TESTIMONIAL
CLOSED DUE TO BANKRUPTCY.

Letter from **Bosnia**

from Our Own Correspondent

OH TO be in Bosnia now that the US elections are here! Six months ago Bill Clinton said the Dayton agreement was "all about justice". Now the American commanders of IFOR are simply trying to ensure no one accidentally arrests the indicted war criminals Ratko Mladic or Radovan Karadzic.

Clinton's people are pushing for elections in September in the whole of Bosnia; and their man in Sarajevo, Robert Frowick, is ordering international monitors to deliver up-beat reports. He wanted them to certify that there was freedom of movement, freedom of expression, and so on. But they reported that the only people who seem to move and speak freely are Karadzic and Mladic, who are supposed to be removed from power and handed to the war crimes tribunal.

America's Warren Christopher says the Bosnian elections will "give all the people of Bosnia a chance to shape their future". Rather they will give more of a chance to the Croat paramilitary thugs in Mostar and Herzegovina and the indicted war criminals in the Republika Srpska to shorten the future of lots of Bosnians — as they were before Dayton. To celebrate, the Serbs announced that they would run Karadzic in the elections and the not-so-neo-Nazi Croats in Herzegovina declared a reshuffle of the "government" that was supposed to have been dissolved into the federation after Dayton.

Everyone on the ground, including the baddies, knows the purpose of the whole shabby deal is to get it out of the way before Clinton comes up for reelection in November. Of course people with less at stake than President Clinton may question holding elections in a country that is half controlled by indicted war criminals flouting almost every provision of the Dayton agreement short of outright warfare.

But Serb leaders are behaving in a relatively sophisticated way. They know that as long as they don't attack IFOR troops they can beat up Serb dissidents and non-Serb refugees trying to return. And they can shelter war criminals and carry on the ethnic cleansing like before. In fact they are getting so good at it that when they've cleared out the live Muslims they've been trying to clear out the dead ones, too, from where they were left after Srebrenica.

Like UNPROFOR before it, IFOR's job is mostly to protect itself — and win Clinton a second term. However, it's not just in the mass graves round Srebrenica that skeletons can be found. They are rattling in almost every clause of the Dayton deal, which is based on the good faith of Serbian president Slobodan Milosevic and his Croatian crony Franjo Tudjman, neither of whom has much going on the halo front.

For Milosevic's part, he can't allow his diabolical duo to be arrested. If Mladic or Karadzic talked from the dock, Mladic could reveal how he was assigned by the Yugoslav army to Bosnia and how he and his officers have been paid by Belgrade all this time. He could even reveal how reinforcements and supplies came from Serbia all the time that Milosevic was supposed to be blockading the Bosnian Serbs, and how the details of the Srebrenica operation were worked out with the high command in Belgrade. But that would be too embarrassing since the whole Dayton deal depends on casting Slobo as the nice guy.

While Milosevic protects recent genocidists, Tudjman honours earlier ones by prosecuting magazine editors who suggest it is in poor taste to give honoured burial to Croat Nazis from the second world war in the same concentration camp in which their thousands of victims are interred.

Meanwhile Carl Bildt, Sweden's answer to John Major and David Owen, straddles the international stage. While prime minister of Sweden he scrupulously refrained from suggesting the Serb leadership was guilty of anything; and while the Serbs massacred thousands in Srebrenica he and his mate Milosevic were in Belgrade "negotiating" safe exits for them. In a sense he was successful.

Under Dayton the buck passed to him and he carries the can for failure. If the Bosnian elections do go ahead, Clinton owes him one — Boo Boo Ghali's job at the UN, for example.

FUNNY OLD WORLD

● "I TELL you, I am the most serenest!" shouted Sri Dhananjai Bikram to 20,000 cheering fans, gathered in Lhasa for the fifth annual International Yogi competition. "I don't care what the critics say — no one is serener than Sri Bikram. I blow them away. I am the greatest monk of all time!"

The confrontational yoga style of Bikram, who had just won the Lhasa meet with a world-record points total of 873.6, was later criticised by the runner-up, the pre-match favourite Sri Salil "The Hammer" Gupta. "I admit that Bikram's aver-

age of 1.89 breaths per minute was impressive, but his conduct has been most unBuddha-like throughout the competition. In the first event, he claimed to have achieved total consciousness after only 2'34", and taunted the other yogis by repeatedly shouting 'I'm blissful! You're not blissful yet are you?' Then, during the flexibility event, he aggressively stuck his middle toes out at the other yogis, which is disgraceful.

"The new line of prayer mats that Bikram has been endorsing on television has gone to his head. He's become a celebrity. Today, he was claiming that he's been dating the Hindu goddess Shakti. He even wears a fragrance called Old Spice, which he imports from Europe." *(Zimbabwe Independent, 31/5/96. Spotter — Len Hurst)*

—●—

● "I DON'T know what to say really," Police Captain Baird Davis told reporters in Muncie, near Indianapolis. "The thirty-eight-year-old woman, Bonnie Booth, told us that she'd started drinking in her back yard on Monday, because the callus on her foot was hurting bad. She tried to cut it off with a razor, but that didn't work, it just made it worse, and she got worried that it might get infected. So, after about a gallon of vodka and two or three beers, she thought she'd try to shoot it off with her husband's .410-gauge shotgun.

"She lost a lot of blood, but the hospital tell us she's generally in good condition now, and we don't intend to file charges. Her neighbour was having a barbeque and didn't go a bomb on finding two of her toes and part of her heel on his lobster tray. But, frankly, her remedy worked a treat. Still, she won't let the hospital chiropodist near the stump. Keeps saying the professionals are a bunch of quacks, and that home remedies are always best." *(Journal Gazette [Fort Wayne, Indiana], 5/6/96. Spotter — Doc Farmer)*

—●—

● *"There is a distinct odour of something naughty which is psychiatric in its basis," Judge Brian Caird told Ng King-leong, after he had pleaded guilty in the Hong Kong district court to charges of procuring a woman for unlawful sex acts. "Your rampant fixation on elderly grandmothers is impertinent and far from normal, and I wish to see medical reports before I pass sentence."*

Earlier, the prosecution had told the court how Ng had worked his deception. "His method was simple and unvarying. He would phone his victim and claim to be her grandson, blaming a throat infection for the unfamiliar sound of his voice. Then he would tell a story of how a Thai girl had cast a magic spell on him, causing his penis to swell painfully. There was only one way to remove the curse, he would say, and that was for the grandmother to have sex with a Thai cherry boy *(or virgin), and afterwards give him a great deal of money.*

"Then, posing as a Thai cherry boy, *Ng would visit the woman several times to engage in sexual acts, before eventually demanding $1,700 and disappearing. He's told us that the grandmothers invariably agreed to his demands, because they believed their grandson would otherwise die from the spell. He seems to have worked this trick at least fifty-three times, before one grandmother saw through the ruse and finally alerted the police — though even she waited until after his eleventh visit."*

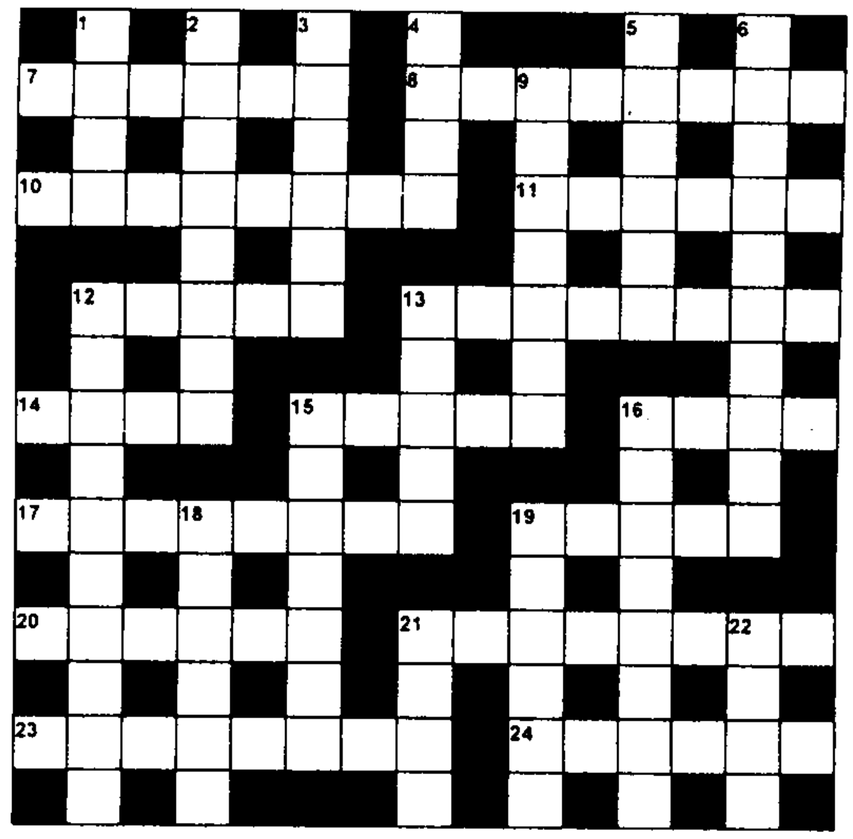
Ng is due to be sentenced on July 16. (South China Morning Post, 5/6/96. Spotter — Hector MacLeod)

Compiled by

Victor Lewis-Smith

EYE CROSSWORD 56

by Cyclops *£100 prize*



ACROSS

7 Whom to consult if you fail to maintain erection? (6)
8 Hancock's mate needs place indoors to shoot up (8)
10/11 A long-winded study of political duplicity from wordy old author buried in that place on left (3,5,6)
11 (see 10)
12 Induce Mawhinney to drop one when going on live (5)
13 Buggering not cheap in Whitehall! (8)
14 A wee press revelation? (4)
15 Does the necessary to get a bang — fails miserably (5)
16 Greek character in charge of gagging order briefly (4)
17 The old thing needs local injection — that would do away with Brenda! (8)
19 Brenda's enduring band (5)
20 EC shit about standards (6)
21 Formulaic, casual intercourse now from Gaby (4,4)
23 Hope Tony screws up — many would find that attractive (8)
24 Community member's reported smear (6)

DOWN

1 The sovereign has screwed with heroin (4)
2 Applies grease then whip — that's unsightly and hazardous in the main (3,5)
3 Excerpt from *Trotsky on Economics* unlikely to be seen on here! (3,3)
4 Corporations backing filth (4)
5 Where a member joins body to provide ammunition to ex-PM we hear (6)
6 Shady profiteering from on-court rip off (10)
9 Street band's guts? (7)
12 Wavering celebrity on Right deserts — Major dreads another one! (2-8)
13 Saunders, for instance, is rich (5)
15 Put £s in BUPA's scheme — a right fiasco (5-2)
16 Before a Nazi unit destroyed NME hacks (8)
18 Residing in Gordonstoun is excruciating — as is the name 'Charlie' gender-wise (6)
19 Fashion designer (endless vitality) produces a nice little number for those who sit on it (6)
21 Education has to suffer such pricks! (4)
22 Caress without giving head — that hurts! (4)

£100 prize to first correct solution opened on 05.07.96. Entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

Solution to Crossword No. 55

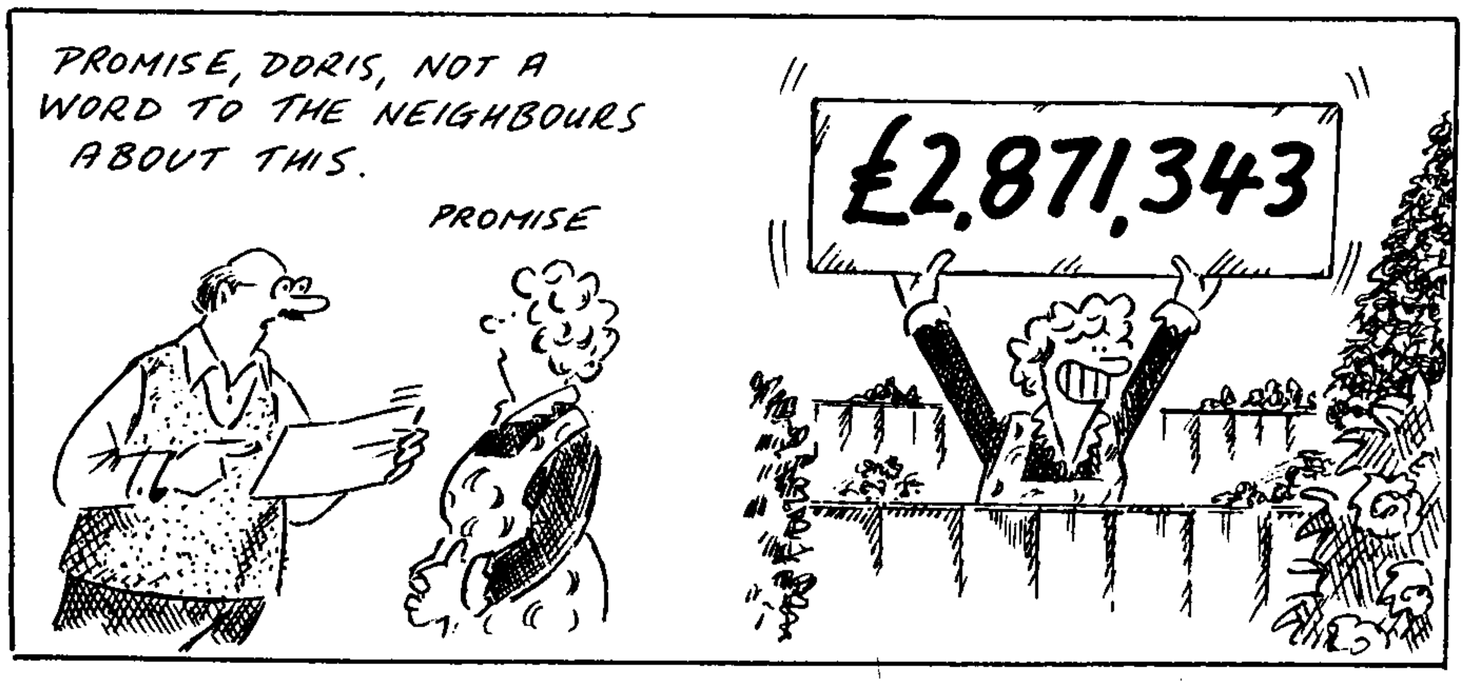
Winner: Luke Drew

ACROSS: 8 Turncoat 9 Madam 10 Blow up 11 Fitted up 12/19/6 The Rotten Borough Advertiser 14 Itchy 16 Stealth 17 Porsche 20 Slump 22 Torygraph 24 Fellatio 25 Libels 27 Corpse 28 Guinness.

DOWN: 1 Bullshit 2 Snow 3 Hot potato 4 Stuffed 5 Smuts 6 (see 12) 7 Ambush 13 Read my lips 15 Tony Blair 18 Hip flask 19 (see 12) 21 Leeson 23 Steel 26 Bonk.

The Lottery Winners

TURNER



DAILY Moron
(Editor Piers Moron)

We're the Mirror of the Sun!

Wednes-D-Day

KILL A KRAUT AND WIN A BMW!

by Daily Moron Staff **Xen O'Phobia** and **David Montgomery of Alimony**

TODAY is the big day when the Hun gets his marching orders! Yes, eleven Nazis masquerading as footballers will goosestep onto the hallowed turf of Wembley invading England's sacred, green and pleasant land!

Well, we've got news for you Adolf and your band of jackbooted bosch! The Nuremberg Trials are waiting for any squarehead who dares to even look like scoring a goal!!

God Save The Queen

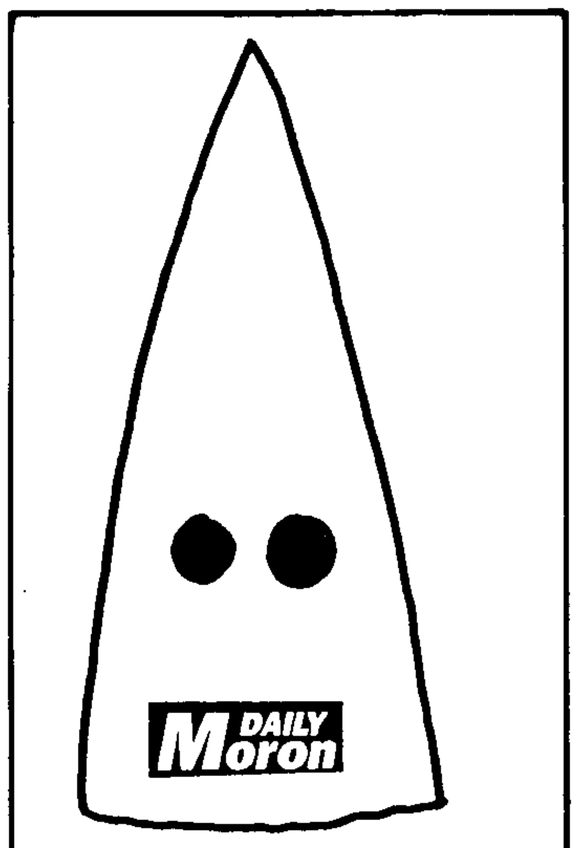
Be warned! Remember Dresden! This time our goal-bombers are massed in the air and at the word "Scramble" it will be curtains for you, you German swine.

Just because you're better than us at everything doesn't entitle you to come over here and make us look ridiculous.

The Queen Mother

Listen! God is on our side! Our cause is just! We will fight you on the terraces! We will fight you in the car park! We will fight you on the 125 train home!!!

No surrender! With the likes of Mustard Gazza, Atomic Bomb Adams and Spitfire Seaman we intend to give you a damn good killing! *(Shurely 'kicking'? Sub. No. Ed.)*



FREE with the Moron

We're giving away special "Moron" hats that cover your whole face, so no one need know you read the Moron!!

GLENDA SLAGG

'Ere she goes!! 'Ere she goes!! 'Ere she goes!!

EURO 96 — wake me when it's all over mister!?!! What a load of footballs! (Geddit?)

EURO 96 — Dontcha love it?!! This time it's the gals who are a-dribblin' (Geddit!?) Mmm! Gimme those sweaty thighs and twistin' torsos!? You can score with me any day Messrs Sherringham, Shearer, Seaman (Geddit?), Platt, Redknap, Venables and anyone else come to think of it because I'm desperate!? *(You're fired. Ed.)*

HERE they are — Glenda's 1996 Eu-Romeos!!

ANDREAS PAPANDREOU! Greece's greatest lover! OK, he's dead but he can still teach the young ones a trick or two!

UMPIRE DICKY BIRD — Howzatt Dicky! (Geddit?) I'm a gal who knows a middle stump when she sees one!?!

CHIEF MANGOSUTU GATCHA BUTHELEZI!!! Crazy name!! Completely mad guy!!

Byeeeee!!

Next week the Glenda Slag column will be written by guest writer Lady Carla Powell. It will include the following items:

- **ThePope!** He a sexy guy, no?
- **The Zulus!** Mama mia! Tutti Frutti Leopard-Skin Accessories!!!
- **Conrad Black!?** Mi Amico!! He getta me ina Telegraf!!

Ciaoooooo!!!!!

Who wanna take me to lunch!?!

A Doctor writes

AS a doctor I often ask: "May I have sex with you madam?"

The official answer is of course "no".

But circumstances may well arise when the patient is suffering from a depressive condition where intercourse with a trained practitioner is the most effective treatment.

Medicus-coitus non-interruptus (or Legover Syndrome) is becoming more and more familiar in surgeries across the land.

If you are experiencing trouble having sex with your doctor, ie long waiting lists or his reluctance to come out at night, it may be worth your while to make enquiries about private treatment where the doctor will have sex with you at *your* convenience in Harley Street.

© *A. Doctor 1996.*

THE CHAMPIONSHIPS WIMBLEDON

Wimbledon 96

ONE TO WATCH

Jeremy Nigel (GB), 395th seed. Britain's top player who this year beat Britain's Nigel Jeremy in the Bexhill Spud-U-Like classic to become our new No.1 and our best hope in the men's singles since Virginia Wade. He faces Greece's veteran player, Taki Takealotofcokeupthenos, the winner of the 1996 Kos Classic Coke All-Sniffers Championship, in the first round.

THE SECRET WAR DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR

Monday

My beef war continues with victories on all fronts! Today in my War Room I was able to write up on my special War Blackboard a list of the latest measures we have been able to block:

1. Proposal to extend VAT to dried snails.

2. Council Regulation to harmonise teabag perforations throughout the EU.

3. Resolution to outlaw nodding dogs over 32.5mm in vehicle rear windows as a safety hazard.

It can now only be a matter of time before our European partners are offering us terms to surrender.

Tuesday

Another victory, this time on the home front. The Euro-sceptics are completed routed. I found out that one of their leaders, Mr Cash, was secretly getting money from a very rich Europhobe called Goldfish who is the leader of a new party that is going to lose me the next election. Not that we are going to lose, oh no. Anyway, I called him into my study, just like my old headmaster Mr Brownlow used to do (he was not called Mr Wilkins as certain totally inaccurate writers, ie Terry, have claimed in their books, which I haven't read). "Mr Cash," I said. "You are a bastard. Unless you stop taking money from the traitor Goldfish, I will put you in my Bastard book, along with Mrs Gorman and Mr Redwood." Poor Mr Cash. He is such a weed that he cried and cried and eventually promised not to take any more money. "No more Cash!" I shouted as he ran out of the door in tears (this joke was entirely my own and was written for me by Mr Morris Norris). Thanks to my firm and decisive action, I think we have now heard the last of the Euro-Sceptics.

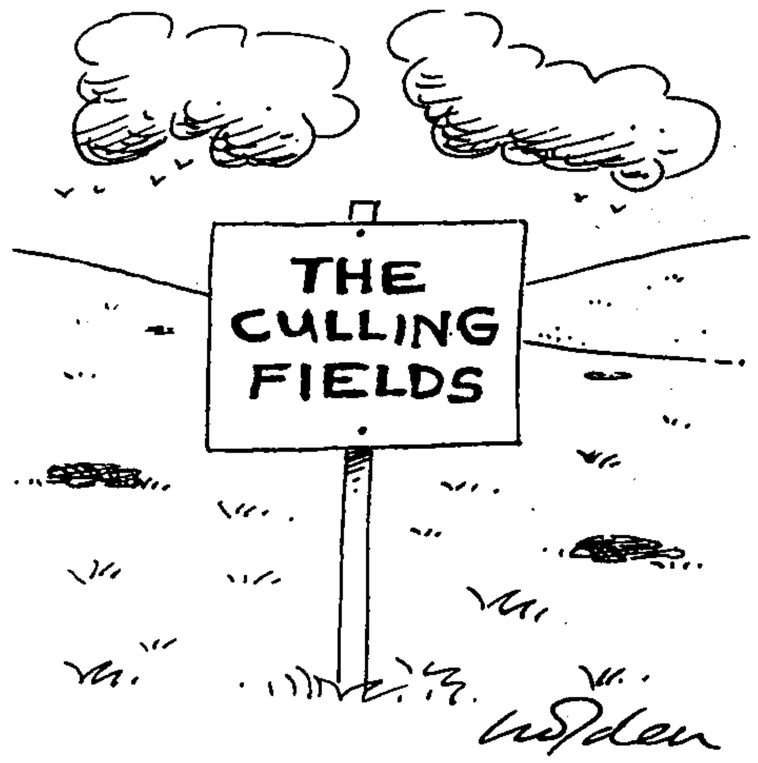
Wednesday

I am not inconsiderably incandescent with rage and I might well spontaneously combust with hatred. I have just heard that Mrs Thatcher has invited Mr Cash to lunch to offer him all the money which Mr Fishpaste would have given him. This is the final act of treachery. That woman has no shame. I decided to deal with Mrs Thatcher once and for all by issuing a savage, no-holds-barred attack on her in a press statement. This is what it said: "Lady Thatcher is of course at liberty to donate to whomsoever she wishes. But I do think that it might have been more prudent and appropriate in the current circumstances for her to have used the funds to support the Conservative Party of which she is a member." Oh yes. I read this out to my wife Norman over our patriotic breakfast of Kellogg's Beef Krispies and a cup of Gelatino.

"That'll show Mrs Thatcher who's boss," I told her. "Yes," said Norman. "It certainly will."

Thursday

I have received a letter on House of Commons paper written in green ink. "Major," it says, "keep our hospital open or we will close you down. Signed, Two Backbenchers. PS. We know where you live. But you won't for long."



I was speechless to think that members of my party could behave in this way. I told the House of Commons: "Threatening to withdraw co-operation unless your demands are met is nothing short of blackmail."

Later, I wrote to Mr Kohl about the beef issue. I had the very clever idea of cutting some words out of the newspaper and pasting on a sheet of paper so he would not know who it came from:

"Kohl," it said. "Lift the beef ban or I will close down Europe. Signed, Your Enemy. PS. I know where you live, at 3901 Konigstrasse, Bonn. JM."

Friday

My letter worked. They have given in. Today I went to Florence, which is in Italy, for a summit and received from the Europeans the terms of their unconditional surrender:

1. The British hereby agree to abandon their policy of non-cooperation immediately.

2. The British agree to slaughter all known cows.

3. After this has been done, the European Union may agree to consider the possibility of a framework for lifting the ban by the year 2050.

Signed J. Santer,
pp. EU (prop. H. Kohl)

This is total victory. I have won the war. As I said to Norman when we were watching the television over a celebratory patriotic dinner of beef pizza (with Extra Beef Topping) followed by a tin of Ambrosia's Semenolina pudding: "Now who's going to win the next election?" At that moment the screen filled with a shot of Mr Herr Kohl with his arm round Mr Blair. "There is your answer," she said, once again showing how little she understands about politics.

Saturday

As usual the newspapers have got it entirely wrong, saying that my triumph in Florence was "a climbdown". What, in my judgement, rubbish! I said that non-cooperation would work. And it has. In fact it has worked so well that the EU have decided to borrow the idea and are refusing to cooperate in lifting the beef ban!

I told Mr Mawhinney that I had now worked out "a framework deal" which meant that the public would only have to wait "a couple of months" for the good news.

"You're resigning, are you?" he asked. Poor Mr Mawhinney. He must have been eating too much beef!

Mr Kohl later announced on television that he will not end the beef ban until Mr Blair is prime minister.

"Shall I order a joint for Sunday then?" asked Norman, which was unusually thoughtful of her.

Sunday

The feelgood factor is back at last. Not that it ever went away. Not only have we won the beef war, but now we have also won the football by beating Holland 4-1. I sent a telegram to our team saying: "If you lot can win, then anyone can. Vote Conservative."

Monday

I am not inconsiderably incandescent with rage again. As if I did not have enough on my plate (except beef of course), my sister Pat has decided to cash in on my celebrity. My brother Terry left a message on my answerphone saying: "Have you seen the Telegraph, John? It looks like Pat is going to be almost as famous as me! The stuff about Mrs Kierens is dynamite!"

This is typical of Terry, who has failed to see that the important issue is not Mrs Kierens but the ownership of Kevin, the angora rabbit.

Let it be clear for the record that there was never any dispute at all over Kevin, as Pat — or Mrs Dessoy, as she now is — alleged. Her article was nearly as inaccurate as Terry's book which of course I have not read.

It was *my* rabbit because I bought the rabbit food from Mrs Wooton's Pet Shop (the pet shop owned by Mrs Wooton in Sandyvale Road).

I hope I have now drawn a line under the whole rabbit incident and we will be hearing no more of Kevin.

MAJOR IN EU 96 TRIUMPH!

THE EU Beef Championships hotted up yesterday as England boss John Major basked in the glory of a proposed 67,000-nil slaughtering of the much-unfancied UK Cattle FC

Said Major afterwards: "The boy Gasfire is gonna do great, and hopefully we can have our European ban lifted so we can once again compete against the best herds in Europe."

The only black mark for Major came when influential staple ingredient Mince was shown the red card for a previous offal offence.

BIRTHDAY HONOURS REWARD SUCCESS

by Our Court Staff **Lunchtime O.B.E.s**

SOME of Britain's most heart-warming success stories received recognition in this year's birthday honours list.

Sir Marmalade Gussett receives a dukedom for his services in destroying the BBC, and will be known as Duke Gussett of Chewton Marmalade.

Mr Jeremy Isaacs has been knighted for his services in destroying the Royal Opera House.

Inspector Knacker of Gloucester Police Force receives the OBE for services to taking 20 years to catch Fred West, Britain's longest-running serial killer. *(Cont. p.94)*

Railtrack Timetable Publications Helpline,
c/o TML Ltd.,
1-5 The Shambles,
YORK YO1 2LZ.

Railtrack

Central Trains Limited accepts no liability for any inaccuraces in the information contained in this timetable.

Liverpool-to-Norwich timetable

YES!

It's your chance to vote for England's new national anthem! At last, *you* get to choose the official song for use at state occasions such as the Coronation, Trooping the Colour and football matches.

1. ***God Save The Queen*** *(The Sex Pistols)*
2. ***'Ere We Go*** *(Elgar)*
3. ***Don't Cry For Me, Argentina*** *(Andrew Lloyds-Bank)*
4. ***The Theme from Barry Norman's Film 90*** *(Anon)*
5. ***Yellow Submarine*** *(Oasis)*
6. ***The Floral Dance*** *(Trad. Arr. T. Wogan)*
7. ***Morning Has Broken*** *(Cat Stevens)*
8. ***Vivaldi's Four Seasons*** *(Nigel Kennedy)*
9. ***We'll Meet Again*** *(Dame Vera Duckworth)*
10. ***Theme from Renault Clio Advert*** *(Papa/Nicole)*

Write NOW to:
MoronLine, The Sun, The Kelvin Estate, Canary Wharf
– or, if you can't write, ring: 0898 989876432

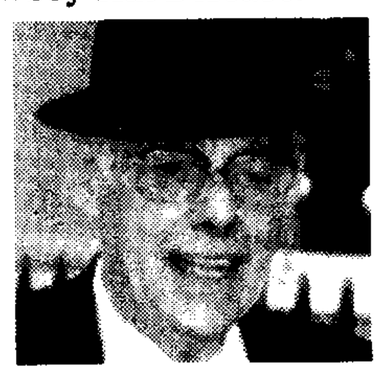
Your Summer Guide to Those Hoggs

Douglas Hogg, 53, the man who single-handedly led Britain through the great beef war by promising that if the ban was not lifted he would eat his famous hat. He later died of Mad Hat Disease.

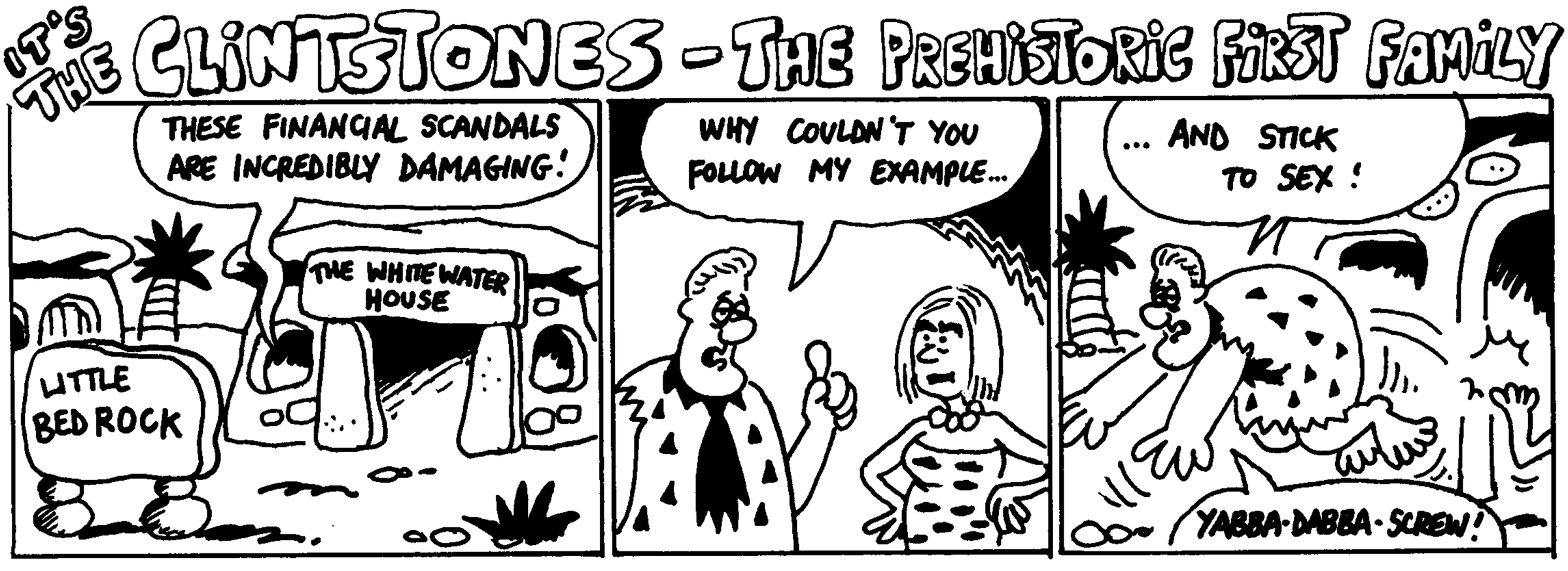
Quentin Hogg, 107, father of the deceased. Famous for being the oldest man in the world. In 1963 he threw his hat in the ring for the Tory leadership, and became the first known victim of Sad Hat in Ring Disease.

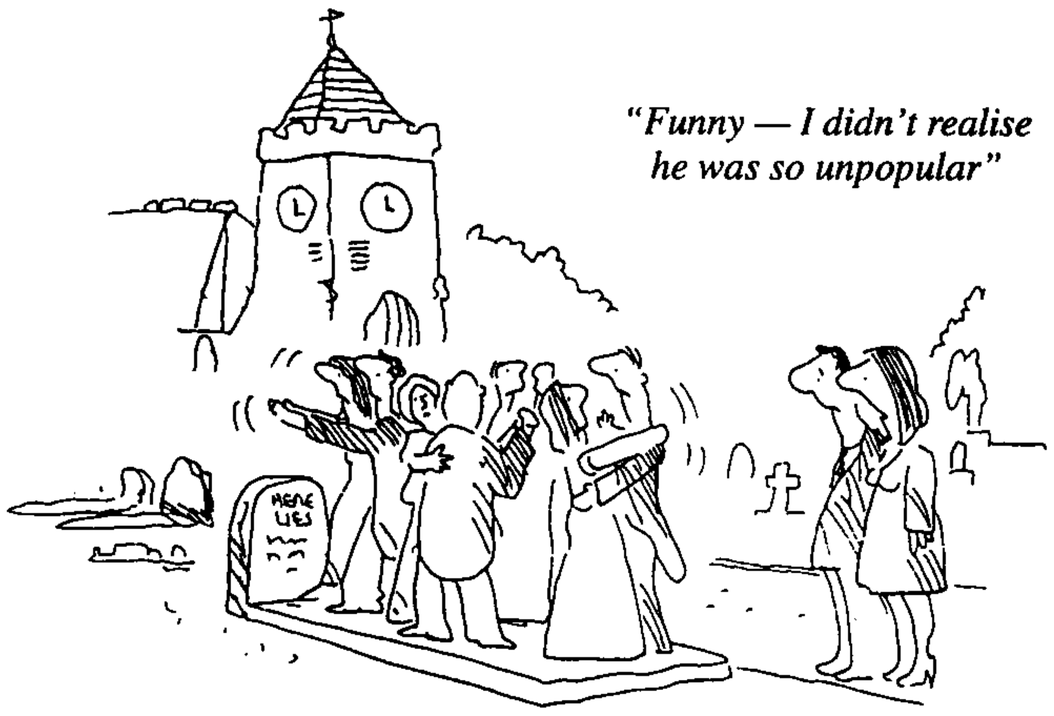
Sarah Hogg, 58, inventor of the Cones Hot Line, and wife of the late Douglas Hogg *(see above)*. Not known for her love of hats, she does however suffer from Mad Bat Disease.

Boss Hogg, 72, legendary Arkansas "Mr Fixit" who helped President Clintstone to a lot of money in the legendary Whitewatergate bank-and-land deal. Sufferer from Mad Cowboy Hat Disease.



William Rees-Hogg, 94, Somerset wise-acre who predicted that leaving gold standard would lead to new ice age. Now sells "old hat" to Times, Daily Mail and anyone else who will take it. Believed to be suffering from Mad As A Hatter disease. *(That's enough Hoggs, Ed.)*


IT'S THE CLINTSTONES - THE PREHISTORIC FIRST FAMILY
THESE FINANCIAL SCANDALS ARE INCREDIBLY DAMAGING!
THE WHITEWATER HOUSE
LITTLE BEDROCK
WHY COULDN'T YOU FOLLOW MY EXAMPLE...
... AND STICK TO SEX!
YABBA-DABBA-SCREW!



"Funny — I didn't realise he was so unpopular"

'NO QUICKIE DIVORCE' SAYS MAJOR

by Our Matrimonial Co-respondents
Polly Toyboy and Andrew Marriage

THE Government has decided that there will be no instant separation for those caught up in loveless and doomed relationships.

Taking the example of the public and himself, Mr Major said: "It may seem pointless to continue. The public clearly hates me and wants to end it all. We've had a pretty rocky few years and the rows and fights seem to be getting worse. But for me to just pack my bags and leave would benefit no one."

Seven Year Hitch

The Prime Minister continued: "There should be a cooling off period of at least a year and we should agree that there is no fault attached, particularly to me. I know that the public fancies someone else, ie Tony Blair, but I'm willing to forgive them, just as they forgave me my liaison with another woman (Mrs Thatcher)."

Aggrieved Party

He concluded: "We need time to talk things over, to seek professional advice from advertising agents and to reach a financial settlement in the form of pre-election tax cuts. That way we can sort this out amicably and stay together for another 7 years."

Ella Fitzgerald: A Tribute by Sir Benjamin Green

(continued from page seven) and it was then that she collaborated with arranger and orchestra leader Ziggy Beaumont III to produce the Ziggy Beaumont Songbook and established herself as the First Lady of Jazz, superior even to such erstwhile luminaries as Mary Lou Washington and Nancy "The Black Nightingale" Hutton who incidentally cut the first ever recording of the Original Dixieland Jaspan's standard "Lullaby on 49th Street" but it was only when she teamed up with Leonard Mandela in the 1950s that she produced her classic never-to-be-repeated performances with the County Tolstoy Big Band including "Lullaby in Central Park" and "Good Morning Manhattan" which at the time was considered her greatest contribution to the blues — as the immortal Buddy Maloney put it in 1954: "Yes, sir, if this baby had wings then she could build a nest in heaven", and in a sense *(continued p. 94)*

SUPERMODELS

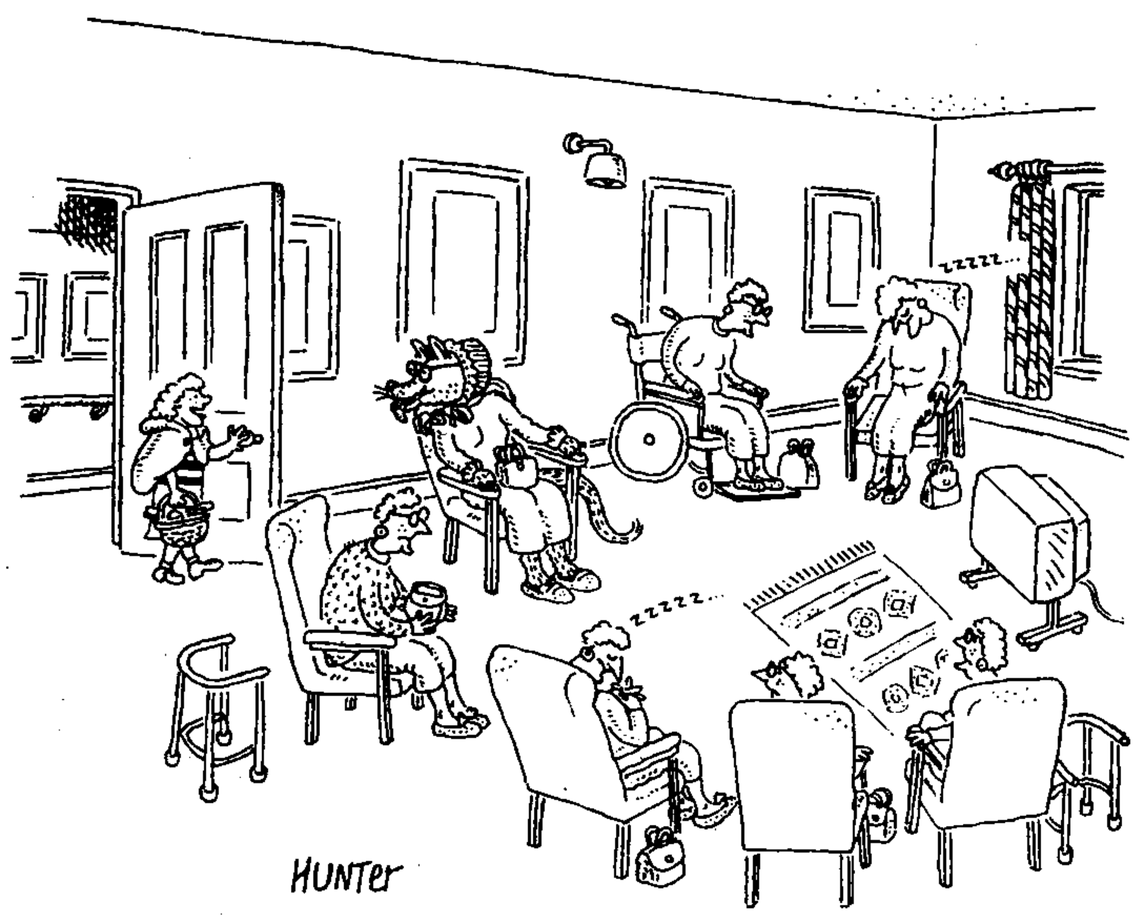
KERBER

EXCUSE ME, YOU'VE GOT A NICE BODY. HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT ABOUT MODELLING?
BUT I'M BONY AND WEIGH THREE STONE!!!
THAT'S OKAY....
WE CAN PUT YOU ON OUR WEIGHT-LOSS PROGRAMME.
VOGUE

IRA - A Statement

We sincerely regret the enormous damage to ourselves by the huge amount of criticism flying our way after the Manchester Bombing. It was never our intention that there should be any loss of civilian support for ourselves. Nor that anybody should be hurt — particularly not the body known as Sinn Fein/IRA. We are therefore calling on a cessation of hostility to us in the press and for editors to immediately decommission all articles saying we are finished.

Signed ✕
Gerry and the Bombmakers
(shurely 'Peacemakers'? Ed.)



"Oh, Grandmother! What big ears you have!"

IS HE THE GREATEST GENIUS OF THE 20TH CENTURY?

ask hundreds of sports hacks who have had too much to drink

LEONARDO da Shakespeare and Ludwig van Mozart — eat your hearts out.

Because the greatest artistic genius of all time wears an England shirt.

Pigazzo. That is the name that is written in letters a mile high on the Wembley skyline.

Just let these few letters do the talking — **G-A-Z-Z-A.**

G is for Genius.

A is for Artiste Extraordinaire.

Z-Z is for I am falling asleep.

A is for Another round, please, barman.

Yes, that goal! You can keep your Rembrandt string quartets and the ceiling of the Einstein chapel!!

They pale into total insignificance beside that eternal moment when football merged with the infinite to become a Symphony of Soccer, poetry in motion *(that's enough drink. Ed)*.

Great Bores Of Today.

"... no it's not just men who like football I've been a season ticket holder for three years and I really do like the game I don't just go because Darren went we're not together now but I still go because I'm genuinely involved in the game I'm a real fan I don't feel uncomfortable as a woman at all there are hundreds of women who go every Saturday a girl in my office goes with her sister to Chelsea and she's really knowledgeable about the game she knows someone on the playing staff there she went out with him once he's a really nice bloke anyway it's not just for the lads there are a lot of women out there who understand the game I mean for example I would never have picked a flat back four against an Eastern Bloc side and I think the English team has generally improved under Venables have you read Nick Hornby's book? apparently Colin Firth is going to play him... can't wait..."

Bulletin No. 94
From the Referendum Bunker

Achtung!

So, Mr Bond, you have been very busy since my last little message.

You think you are so clever, trying to silence agent Cash by cutting off the money from me.

But I tell you this, Mr Bond *(moves to giant gold and white chessboard)*. You do not win the game just by taking one little pawn. Especially when you are playing with me, Sir Fishy Goldtrouser. You will be interested to hear that there are other players in this game. I would like to introduce you to an old friend, the Black Queen!

(Sliding doors open to reveal Lady Thatcher in black leather catsuit and Rosa Klebb style boots. She is holding large cheque reading "Pay cash £10 million).

Heh, heh, heh. Just my little joke, Mr Major. who says we British don't have a sense of humour?

This is "Cheque mate", nicht wahr? Margaret, take Mr Major to his quarters. You know how to deal with him. I have some important work to do, speaking to the members of my Cabinet.

(Men in black suits abseil down walls)

Come in, gentlemen. Mr Bond is just leaving. But first let me introduce you to some of my highly trained political shock troops. I think you may know some of them already, heh heh. Mr Aitken, Mr Lamont, Mr Aspinall, Mr Taki who does the odd job for me, and, of course, the lovely Carla.

(Enter scantily dressed Italian woman clutching bottle and shouting "Hallo darlings")

Issued by the Referendum Party of Great Britain

(c/o Cashino Royale, Paraguay)

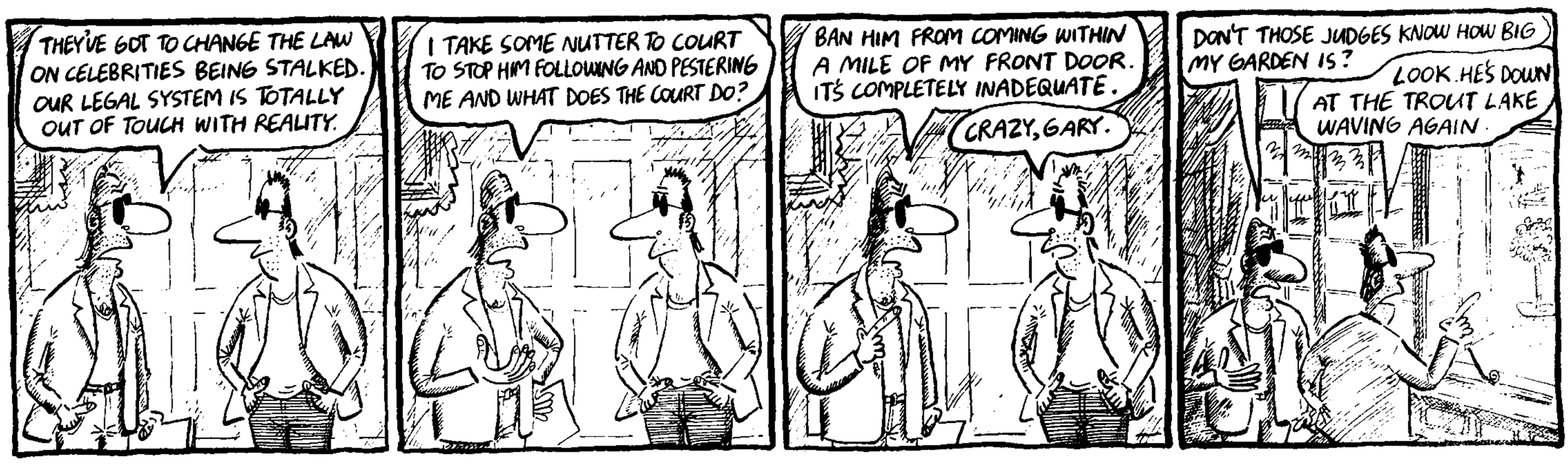
Old Country Sayings: No. 94

Red sky at night
Your cattle are alight

© Ex-Farmer Giles

Celeb

LIGGER


THEY'VE GOT TO CHANGE THE LAW ON CELEBRITIES BEING STALKED. OUR LEGAL SYSTEM IS TOTALLY OUT OF TOUCH WITH REALITY.
I TAKE SOME NUTTER TO COURT TO STOP HIM FOLLOWING AND PESTERING ME AND WHAT DOES THE COURT DO?
BAN HIM FROM COMING WITHIN A MILE OF MY FRONT DOOR. IT'S COMPLETELY INADEQUATE.
CRAZY, GARY.
DON'T THOSE JUDGES KNOW HOW BIG MY GARDEN IS?
LOOK. HE'S DOWN AT THE TROUT LAKE WAVING AGAIN.

Edening Standard
DATELINE: IN THE BEGINNING

ADAM SUFFERING FROM 'PARADISE SYNDROME' SHOCK

by Our Medical Correspondent ARCHIE ANGEL

ONE OF the world's most famous men, in fact the world's only man, yesterday admitted that he was experiencing "bouts of depression" and "periods of unhappiness".

He attributed his condition to the fact that his life was "too perfect".

"Everything in the garden is lovely," he said. "I have a beautiful wife, a great job naming animals and a whole host of perfect friends like Genesis star Gabriel."

He continued: "At first I agreed with God and thought that it was all good but after a while I thought it just gets boring. I have self-destructive urges and I keep wanting to hang out with snakes, eat apples and put on clothes.

"I don't expect any sympathy," he concluded. "It's just one of the drawbacks of celebrity. I'm not proud of it because I know that comes before the Fall."

Dave Stewart is unborn.

Poetry Corner

Lines Written To Celebrate The 80th Birthday Of Sir Edward Heath K.G., O.M., N.B.G.

So. Sir Edward you are
80.
Congratulations — or should
We say
Bonn anniversaire
In view of your love
Of all things
European.

"That bloody woman."
That was your
Catchphrase.

"Who governs Britain?"
That was
Another.

Now we know the answer.

First it was her.
Now it is Brussels.

Sir Edward Thribb (80¾)

CAKES' KIPLING WELCOMES SPIGGY JUNIOR

by Our Education Staff **Maggie Brown-Sugar, Ruby Tuesday and Janet Dancinginthestreet-Porter**

HUNDREDS of pupils at the prestigious £90,000-a-year Midlands public school St Cakes yesterday mobbed legendary pop star Sir Spigismund "Spiggy" Topes when he brought his son Spigismund Jr to look round the school.

The headmaster Mr R. Kipling told Sir Spiggy that his son would be very welcome as a pupil at the school — "But of course he will have to sit the entrance exam just like any of our other pupils, such as Prince William, Jeffrey Archer Jr and Lulu's son Lou."

Mick Taken

The examination for St Cakes is notoriously difficult, and consists of one question — viz. "How rich are your parents?"

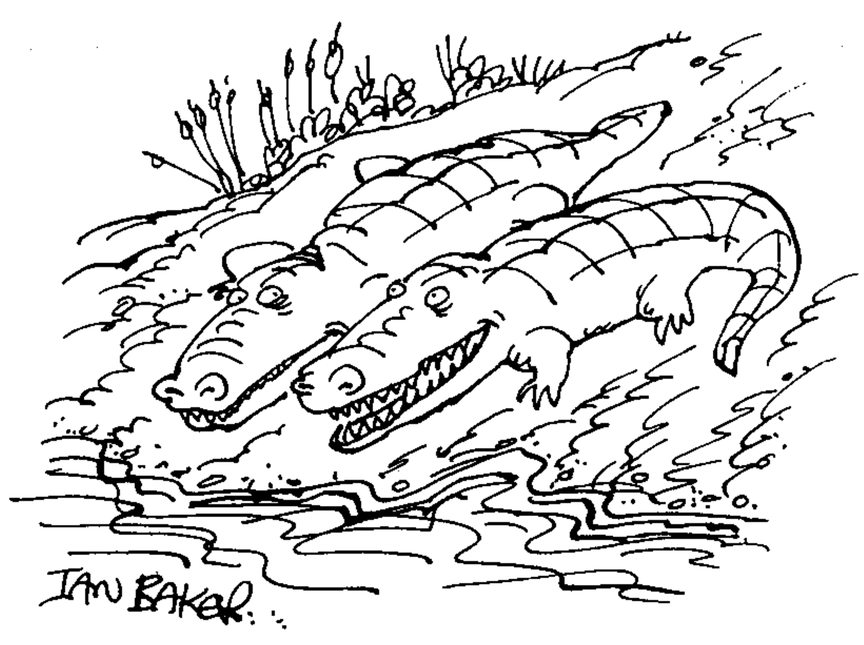
Yesterday, however, academic concerns were put to one side as St Cakes (motto: *Nullam satisfactionem habeo*) turned out en masse to greet the legendary 60s rock 'n' roll star.

Rolling Stoned

As the great man toured the school's new Al-Fayed Mosque and Computer Studies Centre, boys shouted out such requests as: "I say, sir, may we have your autograph?", "Have you got any stuff, sir?" and "Was the story about the Mars Bar true?"

Mick Jagger is 84.

I HOPE Terry Venables enjoyed a quiet little snigger to himself when he faced the Press after England's defeat of Holland. Amazing how a couple of goats can transform you from Unpatriotic No-Hopers to The Pride Of The Land overnight. *D.Express*



"My mother-in-law's an old bag! But beautifully made..."

ETON: Spot the Wall Competition

Harrods blackmailer caught

by Our Legal Correspondent **Joshua Rosenbeard**

AN Egyptian-born businessman was yesterday accused of trying to blackmail one of Britain's best-known governments into making him a British citizen.

Mr Mohamad al-Fayed, described as being "a sad and unbalanced megalomaniac", was charged with threatening to release hundreds of faxes about sleazy Cabinet ministers into the offices of the Guardian newspaper.

Faced with his threats, the Government had refused to give in and had rejected all his demands for a British passport.

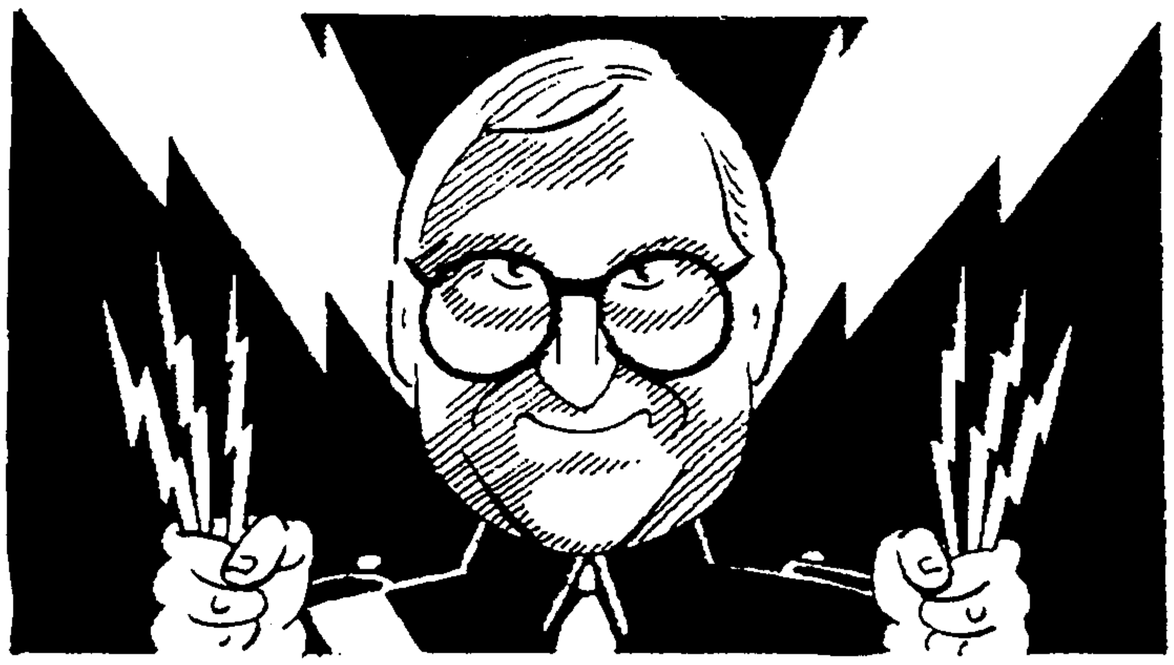
Punch Drunk

In mitigation, counsel for Mr Fayed, Mr George Carphone-Warehouse, described his client as "a pathetic fantasist who had wanted to have a nationality change to make him respectable".

"Since his rejection by the Establishment, he has indulged in a number of lunatic schemes, the latest being a plan to release millions of copies of Punch into newsagents, thus bringing the whole country to a halt."

Alexander Chancellor is 73.

How the New BBC will work



by Our Media Staff **John Birt**

IN NEW plans unveiled yesterday, the BBC as we have known it for 70 years is to be completely restructured under its new "generic title", the "Birt-Bland Conglomerate".

The existing Corporation will be split into a series of separate divisions:

1. Birt-track, which will own the studios, microphones and transmitters.

2. Birtnews, which will lease facilities from Birt-track to broadcast 24-hour-a-day news programmes on radio and television.

3. Powerbirt, which will manufacture programmes for resale to non-terrestrial and cable channels such as Sky, L!VE TV and Good Morning Riyadh.

4. The BBC Birt Service (formerly World Service). For many years regarded as Britain's most prestigious overseas asset, this is to be downsized to two men in a shed on the Wanstead Flats. It will broadcast on hospital radio.

5. Birt-Gen (formerly the weather forecast) will function as a separate commercial entity, selling weather information on-line to Japanese and Middle Eastern businessmen.

Last night John Birt denied that he was "trying to ruin the BBC".

"I have already done that," he said. "Now I'm going to sell it off."

Lord Hussey is 112.

MAN IN THE EYE

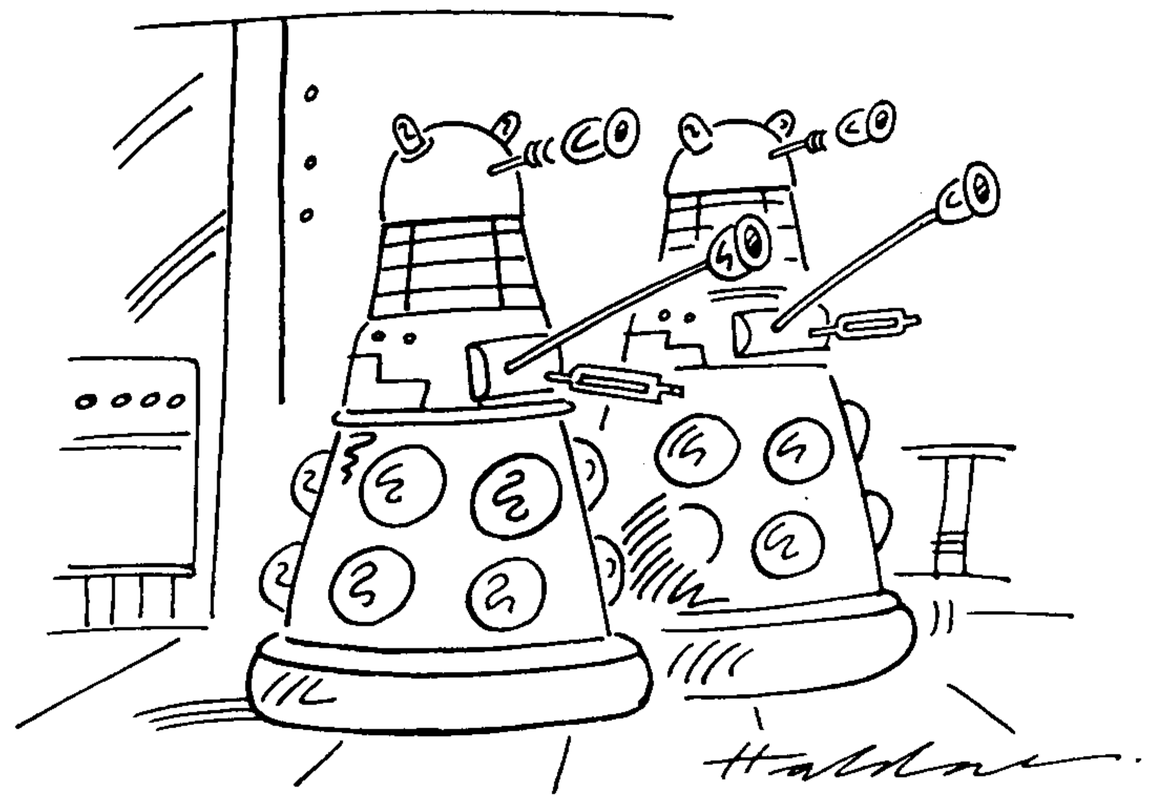
Matthew Birtister, 23, Supreme Director Radio, is the man who takes over the all-important job of running Britain's radio down.

After a meteoric rise through the ranks of local broadcasting, where he ran the prestigious Greater Neasden Radio, Birtister rocketed to fame overnight when he discovered the greatest figure in the history of broadcasting, Mr Chris Acne.

Acne's revolutionary style of broadcasting ("Fart if you had it off last night") paved the way for Birtister to take over Radio One.

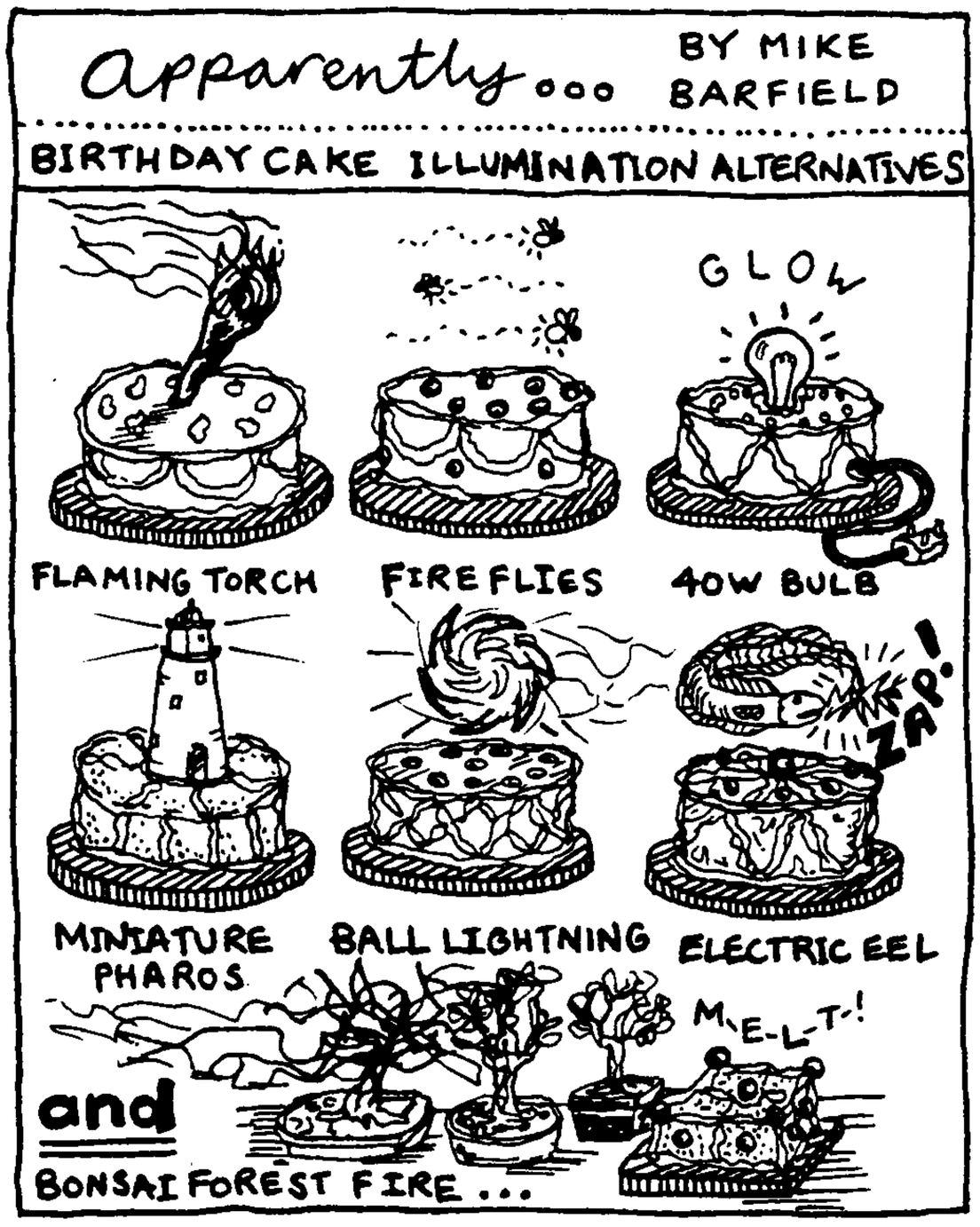
The rest is history.

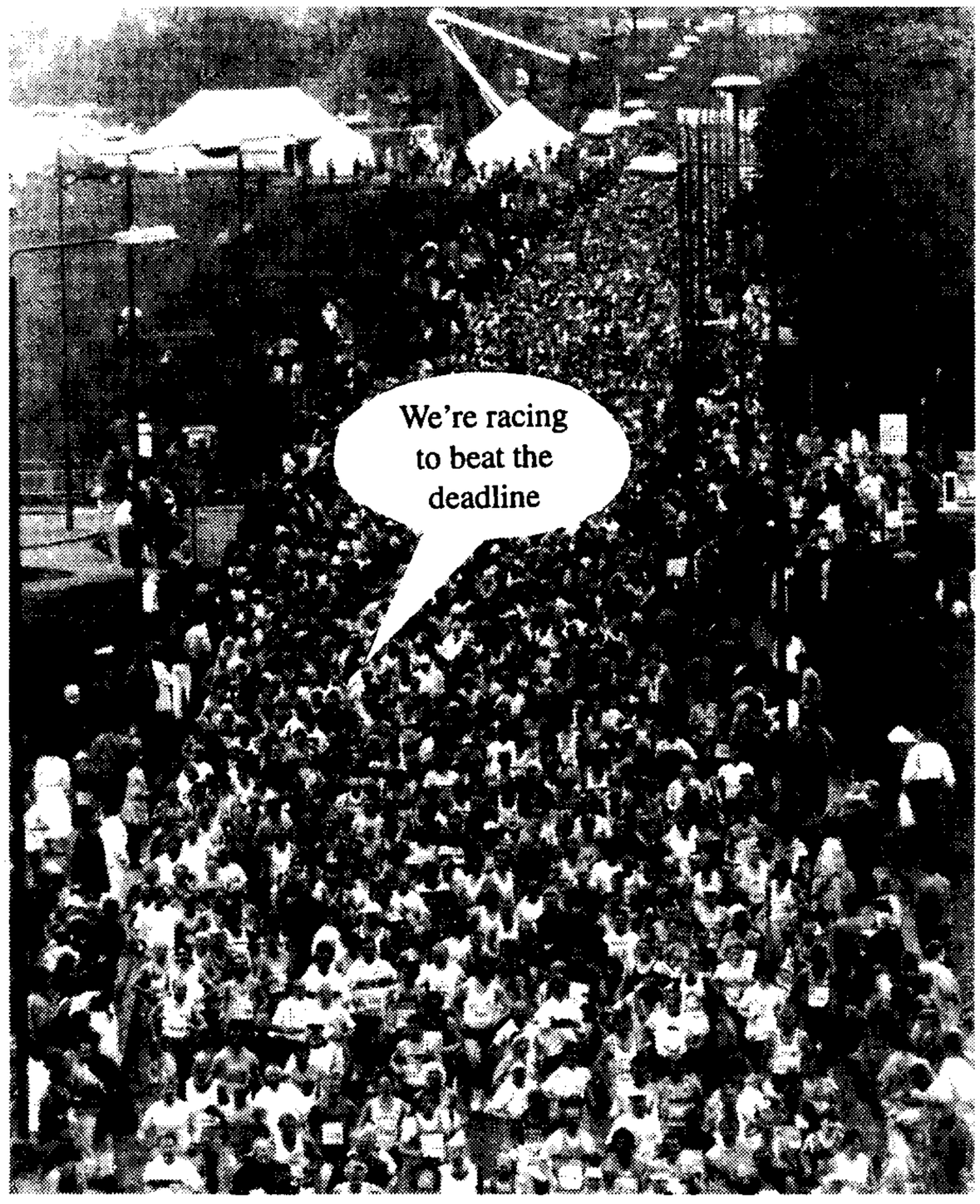
Critics who claim Birtister has a populist agenda will be disappointed to hear that he is a keen fan of Radio Four drama, and his favourite programme is Radio Three's *Composer of the Week*, especially when it is Harrison Birt — which it usually is.



"I've seen eight different Doctors and none of them will say what's wrong with me"

NEW DIVORCE LAW ON WAY





DIARY

JABBERJABBERJABBERJABBER. When actors get together, we YAK. WOOOOO-FUCKING-WHEEEEE, don't we yak! I guess it has something to do with the strain and TENSION of being someone other all the time. So we talk ourselves back into real life, comparing combat notes like 1st World War soldiers coming back from the trenches, tough and urgent.

"Loved your Withnail," says John Malkovitch.

"Thanx," I say. "Loved your Liaisons."

"Thanx," he says. "Loved your Withnail."

"Thanx," I say. "Loved your Liaisons."

"Withnail," he says, changing the subject. "I just loved you in that."

We jabber on like this for hours, getting to KNOW one another, blood-brothers in fantasy.

Message in my hotel pigeon hole from Martin Scorsese.

Martin SCORSESE!

MARTIN Scorsese!

MARTIN SCORSESE!

MARTIN SCOR-FUCKING-SESE!

I feel betwixt myself with joy. He tells me he loved me in Withnail. Me?! He loved ME! I stutter something about loving everything he's ever done and loving him as an artist. "I just wanna say I thought you were GRRREATTT!" he says. In a mad moment, I think to myself that it's time I showed I don't just KOW-TOW to everything he says, to show that I'm a bit of a fucking REBEL, so I take the plunge. My stomach wrenched with fear and courage I seek to contradict him. "NOTHING like as GREAT as the way you directed TAXI-DRIVER!" I say. "You're a FUCKING GENIUS!"

At this point, we establish eye contact. His eyes sear into mine like heat-seeking missiles. Uh-oh. Have I gone TOO FAR? Have I thrown away my BIG BREAK by being TOO HONEST? Scorsese pauses, pull on his beard. Then he says: "And you were great in How To Get Ahead in Advertising, too."

MARTIN Scorsese!

Martin SCORSESE!!

MARTIN SCORSESE!!!

Marty.

Acting's a dreamerooni, so I always try to get my feet back on the ground after a hard day's sweat on set. I meet close friends for a drink and talk about ordinary down-to-earth things like acting and films and future roles and so on. Tonight, I relax over a drinky-fucking-poos with Uma Thurman and Gary Oldman. We exchange views on Sean Connery

RICHARD E. GRANT

and Julia Roberts with Tim Robbins and Val Kilmer, who are staying with Lauren Bacall, who told them she just loved Withnail — very humbling. Later, I need a bit of exercise and meditation, so I walk down Sunset Boulevard with Steve Martin, and we quietly share our euphoria about, among other things, Marty S. and Dan Day-Lewis and John Malkovitch. Just then, a young boy comes up, looks at Steve and says, "JEEEEZ! You're STEVE MARTIN!" and asks for his autograph. It hits me with a jolt that these people — ordinary guys, personal friends of mine — are seen as so SPECIAL STARS by members of the public, who love to DROP their NAMES! How odd people are, and what a bizarre, upside down, crazy, wobble-inducing world this Hollywood stuff really is. I determine to tell this to Barbra Streisand if ever the day comes — JUST THINKING ABOUT IT MAKES ME GASP FOR BREATH — when I am privileged to meet that SCREEN-BLOODY-GODDESS.

Woozy-on-down the street — STRIDE-STRIDESTRIDESTRIDE — just walking along, like an everyday person in this city of drea-fucking-ms, yakyakyaking with Steve about the other, that and this. It's one of those magical, hope-filled, fine and gorgeous, yet not really so fine and gorgeous, with an undertow of banality and pessimism, LA-ish sort of LA days, very LA yet with its own kind of particular feel to it that's not really LA at all but yet which also is LA: there's an indefinable SOMETHING to it that's definitely not LA, but not LA in a very LA-ish sort of way. In many ways, it's one of those EASYPEASYLEMONSQUEEZY kind of days when you want to drag someone into your heart and tell them what's REALLY ON YOUR MIND.

"Did I tell I just loved 'The Man with Two Brains'? We've got it on video," I say to Steve.

"Did I tell you Victoria and I saw Withnail twice, no, nearly three times?" says Steve.

We walk on in silence, the raw emotions of two human being reverberating into the winds like leaves on quite a windy day.

Sit down on my ARSE with a new script. The part was originally scheduled as a tough-guy role in the Scottish highlands for Sean Connery but then he sprained his wrist while waving at someone with his hankie and it was re-written as a vehicle for Bette Midler as an over-the-top dancer in LA but then Bette — who's reportedly seen me in The Player *three times* and loved my performance — had to pull out so the role was re-jigged for Gene Hackman as the commander of a U-Boat in the 2nd World War, with Bruce Willis as the torpedo. But Gene and Bruce were busy working on a new vehicle for Sean Connery, "The Invalid", so the role was totally re-thought with John Malkovitch in mind, playing a tormented artist with a frown — perhaps Tchaikovsky or Van Gogh, depending on soundtrack availability — but John finally couldn't do it because he'd had an accident with his frown, so the script — now about a comical overweight Victorian housemaid, lands on my desk. "I WANT THIS BRILLIANT LITTLE FUCKER!" I think as I finish the script, "IT'S AS IF THIS PART HAD BEEN WRITTEN JUST FOR ME — I've GOTTA HAVE IT!".

Another day in the studios, another walk on the tight-rope between hope and despair. I sit around like Hamlet in the play of the same name, not knowing quite what to do, or how to do it. I am playing a tall, thin man with wild blue eyes. How the fuck am I going to play him? I WRESTLE with the problem for two — three — four minutes. Then I decide to play him TALL and THIN with eyes that have a kind of BLUEY WILDNESS about them. I take my idea for the role to the director, Bob Altman (BOB ALTMANNNN!!!!!), who saw Withnail twice and loved it both times. He looks at me with both eyes, as only a world-class director can. His eyes are like blackcurrant milkshakes or billiard balls or more accurately two eye-like orbs on either side of his face, bold yet liquid, fearsome yet sympathetic, and in the final analysis very, very *eye-ish*. "I like it," he says.

HE — LIKES — IT!

I'VE CRACKED IT!

EU-PHUCKING-PHORIA!

"Did someone ask to see the children's menu?"

● SOUTH HARRIS HOLIDAY HOUSE
Or retirement, 2 bedrooms, vegetable garden, 2 boats, traumatic views, price reduced for quick sale, £16,500

Exchange & Mart

WED 12 JUNE 8.00pm
AIN'T NO STOPPIN' US NOW
CELLED
Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes
Sheila Fergusson sings
THE THREE DEGREES

Sevenoaks Chronicle

Literary Review

Penis ennui

Men are from Mars, Women are from Venus
John Gray
(Thorsons, £7.99, paperback)

MEN are from Mars, Women are from Venus is one of the most appallingly successful books of the last few years. It was first published in the United States in 1992 and has sold more than four million copies there. They're crazy as hell, of course.

In Britain, though, it seemed we were happily immune to this epidemic. When the book first appeared three years ago, nobody noticed. In the last few months, however, the book has begun to crop up steadily in the paperback bestseller lists. There's been no promotion, no author tours, no TV-tie-ins. This horrifying outbreak has been caused, the publishers crow, by pure word-of-mouth, person to person transmission. Nobody's safe. You're about to have this book pressed upon you by someone in the office, by a friend of friend, or even — run away, run away! — by the person you live with.

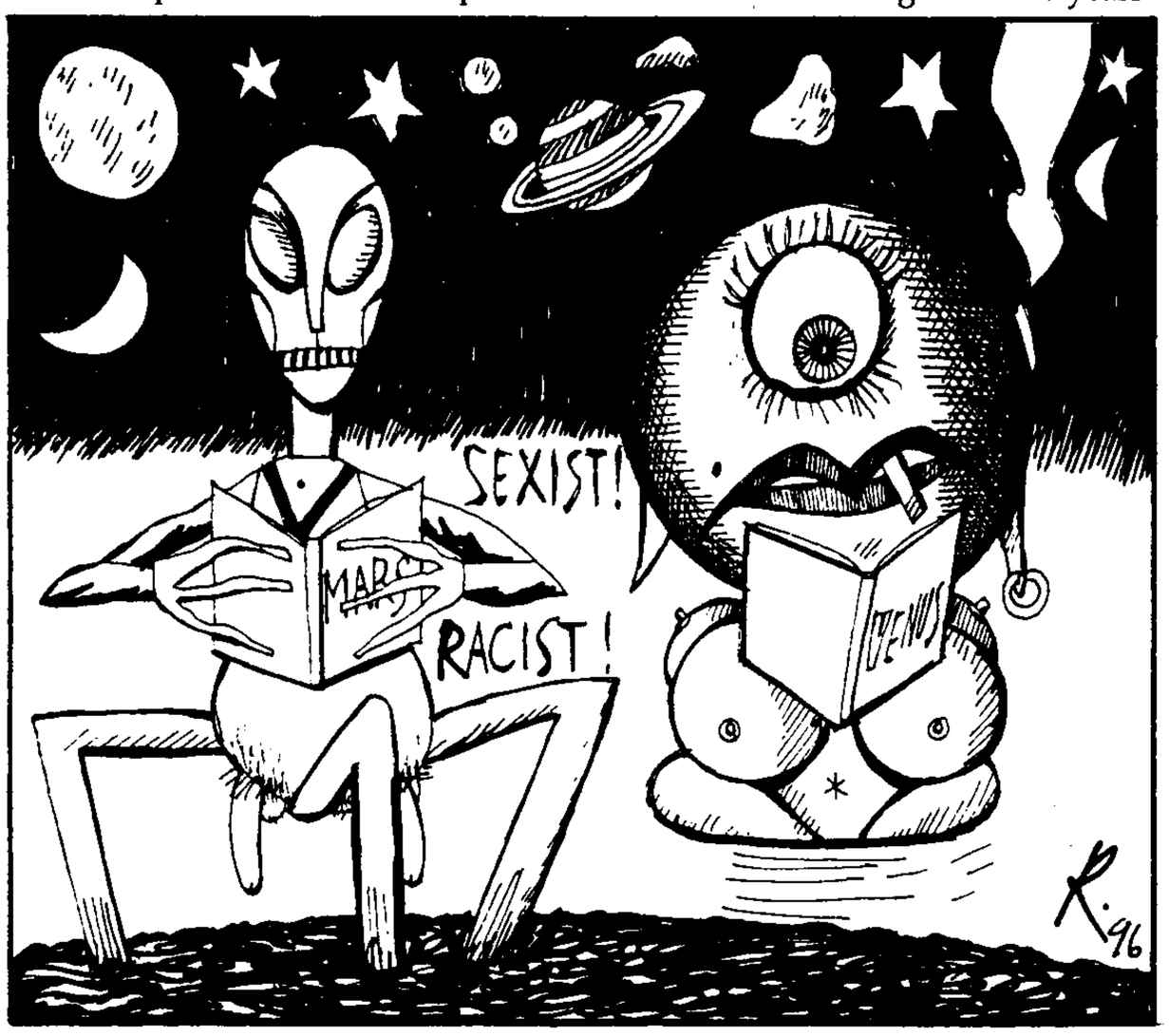
John Gray is a one-trick pony. He has simply described the most blindingly obvious differences between men and women by calling them Martians and Venusians, respectively. This little device allows him to pretend that neither men nor women, whoops, Martians or Venusians, are better than each other, they're just *different*.

Men are literalists who hide such paltry feelings as they have and will never talk things through if they can possibly avoid it. Women can't say or do anything straightforwardly, load everything with emotional baggage and want endless reassurance.

So Gray offers to act as guide and interpreter between these two aliens. "To feel better, Martians go to their caves to solve problems alone," you see. "To feel better, Venusians get together and talk openly about their problems," by heck. Venusians must remember that when their Martian goes into his cave, they mustn't follow, nor even sit by the door of the cave and wait for him to come out. And so forth.

Gray literally prints a "Venusian/Martian phrase dictionary". Every word of Venusian emerges in Martian as 30 words of whingeing rubbish about their emotional needs. Translating the other way round, there's no such expansion, Martians meaning simply what they say, if only the silly moos could accept it.

Gray's programme behind all this is to attack feminism in such a way that most of his readers of either sex will be too dim to spot it. Although he doesn't quite say it, he evidently believes that men and women have been made too alike by feminism and that the route to happiness is to reassert traditional roles, presenting sexual differences as though they are as vast, natural and unalterable as the differences between species from different planets.



Beneath this ruse, the content is primitive. "Venusians love to shop," he wisely counsels at one point. Gray specially loves lists, the best, perhaps, being his list of "101 of the little ways a man can keep his partner's love tank full" (he sometimes forgets to call them Martians himself). Highlights include "31. Wash her car... 80. When listening to her, reassure her that you are interested by making little noises like ah ha, uh-huh, oh, mmhuh, and hmmmmm... 97. Bring her home her favourite pie or dessert... 99. Eat lightly on romantic occasions so that you don't become stuffed and tired later", and, most important of all, 101, "Leave the bathroom seat down".

Plainly Gray is not aiming too high. At the end of the book, he says you mustn't expect everything to change for the better at once. "Education theory states that to learn something new we need to hear it two hundred times," he advises, thinking presumably of research done with rats.

Luckily there's really just the one lesson he wants us to learn. "Next time you are frustrated with the opposite sex, remember men are from Mars and women are from Venus. Even if you don't remember anything else from this book, remembering that we are supposed to be different will help you to be more loving." Put it another way, if the silly tarts/thick thugs seem hardly human, it's not really their fault, all right?

Gray, you may be interested to know, was a celibate follower of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi for nine years and attributes the lovely complexion he has now to all the semen he reabsorbed then. Oddly enough, his follow-up to this classic, *Mars and Venus in the Bedroom* (Vermilion, £8.99, just published) has not yet appeared on the bestseller list. Pity, really. There are some good tips here, for Martians at least.

You know what them Venusians like? The magic of cut flowers. Car doors opened. The trash taken out. The dishes washed. Heavy logs brought in for the open fire. "Going to cultural events." They do, you know. He tells a story about the first time Grant ever went to a concert with Theresa. On the way back, she said "Thanks so much for taking me. It was so good... I'm feeling really wet." Worth the price of admission or what?

But perhaps the most practical tip he has for Martians is to touch up the Venusian's "most feminine sacred chamber" for a good long time before attempting anything else. And to make sure the Martians don't skimp on that, he's got a stern piece of advice for them. "I recommend that the man discreetly put a clock by the bed. While he is touching her vulva and clitoris, he can occasionally glance over and time himself." He suggests at least 10 to 15 minutes as a minimum service, although it's probably best not actually to set the alarm. And if she gives you a funny look, just remember men are from Mars and women are from Venus, right?

Books & Bookmen

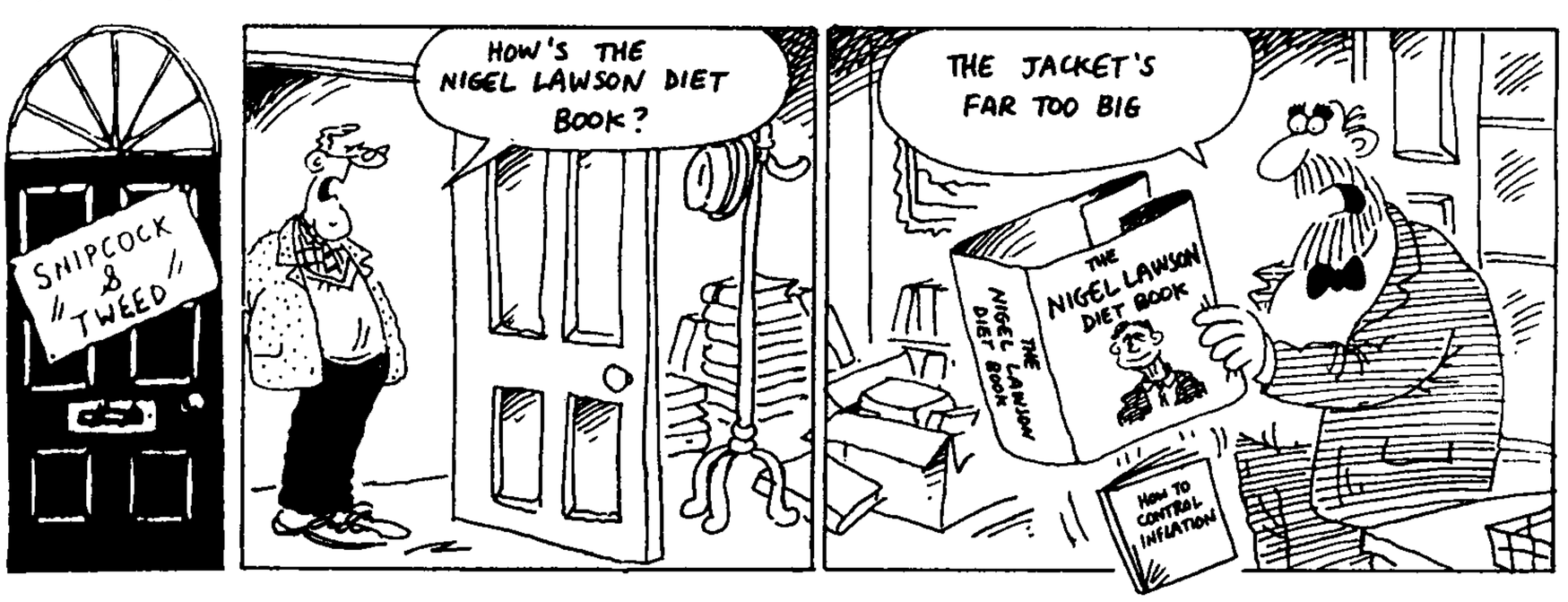
☐ AT HarpicCollins the search is on to replace gentleman David Young, who is shortly off to Little, Brown Jug to relieve Dame Philippa Harrison of many of her administrative burdens. Young acted as a buffer between executive chairman Eddie "McBastard" Bell and HarpicCollins's vast team of editors.

"McBastard", himself terrified of being dumped by Anthea Disneyland, his new boss in New York, proposed a successor, but the editors, led by Professor Proffitt, made it clear they would not "report" to that person. Alan "Sleepy" Gordon Walker and Iain Burns, ex-Pan Macmillan boss, are currently being investigated instead.

■ DISAFFECTED editors and publishers across London have been writing grovelling letters to Matthew Evans, chairman of Faber and Faber, eager to be invited to apply for Robert McCrum's old job as editorial supremo.

The shortlist is now down to two, and whoever lands the coveted job Random House is likely to be the loser. The candidates are, respectively, Chatto & Windus's publishing director and Jonathan Crap's editorial director.

Step forward smooth man Jonathan Burnham and hairy man Robin Robertson. As Fabber and Fabber may be going to appoint a brace of editorial directors, perhaps Jonathan and Robin will go hand in hand to Queen Square?


SNIPCOCK & TWEED
HOW'S THE NIGEL LAWSON DIET BOOK?
THE JACKET'S FAR TOO BIG
THE NIGEL LAWSON DIET BOOK
THE NIGEL LAWSON DIET BOOK
HOW TO CONTROL INFLATION

☐ TIM ADAMS, literary editor of the *Observer*, is unhappy that he has had to make way for Robert McCrum of Faber and be shunted sideways as "editor of review fronts".

So how, in his last days at the helm, did Adams deal with McCrum's new novel, *Suspicion*? A trashing would have been fun; anodyne praise politically safer. His solution was a compromise: a review from the reliably turgid Lorna Sage, whose piece few readers will have bothered to get through.

'Bookworm'

footnotes

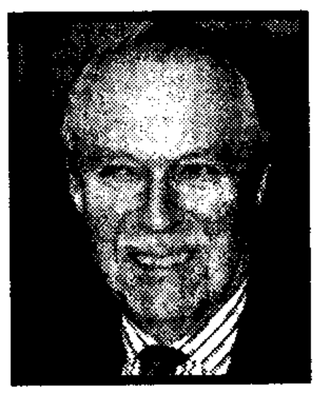
AITKEN: THE SMEARING AND THE CLEARING

IN SEPTEMBER 1991 Gerald James, former chairman of the arms company Astra, revealed to the House of Commons select committee on trade and industry the astonishing fact that the biggest contract of Astra's subsidiary BMARC was for the illegal supply of guns to Iran.

The committee reported: "We have treated the evidence given both orally and in writing by Mr Gerald James as true, with respect to the matters in which he was directly involved."

Three Tory backbenchers sat on that committee: Keith Hampson (Leeds North West); Sir Anthony Grant (Cambridgeshire South West); and Barry Porter (Wirral South). These three also sat on the same committee which recently investigated BMARC and which heard in detail the same information from by Gerald James as he had made in his 1991 memo.

He said that under a contract negotiated by the Swiss arms company Oerlikon, which owned BMARC before selling it to Astra in 1988, millions of pounds worth of guns had gone from BMARC through Singapore to Iran in clear breach of British government policy and export law.



THREE MEN IN A LOOP: Barry Porter MP, Sir Anthony Grant MP, and Dr Keith Hampson MP

BLAME JAMES

Evidence to the committee suggested this was perfectly true. Summaries of intelligence reports were disclosed which showed that the security services knew that "naval guns manufactured by Oerlikon were offered to Iran by a company in Singapore". The last of these reports, which referred to 20mm naval guns being supplied by Oerlikon through Singapore to Iran, was dated May 1988: the month BMARC was taken over by Astra.

As the committee rather grudgingly concedes, there was incontrovertible proof that BMARC guns went to Iran via Singapore. The committee scathingly attacks the government export licensing and policing system for failing to expose and prevent such blatant and illegal breaches of a government embargo. Many of the same senior civil servants exposed in the Scott report for double-talk, incompetence and complicity in illegal arms sales crop up again in the committee's report. The committee also complains bitterly that it was not given the intelligence information originally promised it by Michael Heseltine, now the deputy prime minister.

None of this was given any prominence by the committee or by the media. The MPs were absorbed with a single question: how to explain the behaviour of their colleague in parliament, Jonathan Aitken, the Tory MP for Thanet South, who from September 1988 to June 1990, when the guns were still being delivered to Iran, was a director of BMARC.

The first task was to smear the chairman of the company who had provided the original (correct) information. In 1991 Gerald James's evidence was "true". In 1996 he was suddenly transformed into a "highly unreliable witness". The transformation was brought about because James had dared to suggest that Aitken knew about the destination of guns exported by his company.

This allegation occupied most of the committee's time and effort. It discovered quickly that Mr Aitken was the only BMARC director at the time to imagine that 140 naval guns were supplied to Singapore for the use of the tiny Singapore navy. Every other director of the company conceded that the guns were going somewhere else. Was that "somewhere else" Iran? Here the board split. Three directors, Major General Donald Isles, Bill McNaught and Stephan Kock all said they thought the guns might be going to other countries in the Far East. Two directors, Gerald James and John Anderson, said they knew perfectly well the guns were going to Iran.

John Pike was a senior executive of BMARC at the time. He made it clear in 1992 that he'd known perfectly well that the guns were going to Iran. This was reported to the Scott inquiry. Yet Pike wasn't called to give oral evidence to the committee. Julian Nettlefold, Astra's former public relations officer, told DTI inspectors in November 1990 that there was "a huge contract from Iran worth £16 million". He wasn't called to give evidence either.

Then there were the "rumours" about the Iranian contract. The committee concluded: "It is not clear that such rumours were circulating during the time of Mr Aitken's directorship." Yet among the memoranda published by the committee is a statement from Colonel Graham Avery, former BMARC sales director, that "it has to be said that towards the end of the contract [that is, when Aitken joined the board] there were rumours from the shop floor that the equipment was being sold into the Gulf region". Graham Willett, who became a BMARC salesman a month after Aitken went on the board, confirmed: "Rumours were going round BMARC with reference to the 20mm gun systems that they were eventually bound for Iran. These rumours were constantly denied by the BMARC board of management."

What about the minutes of the BMARC board meetings? Did they mention Project Lisi, the code name for the Singapore/Iran deal? Aitken announced to the committee: "The words Project Lisi are not once mentioned in the board minutes."

Whoops! Tory MP Keith Hampson had read the minutes rather differently. "You said there was no mention in the minutes of the word Lisi," he asked Aitken. Flourishing a copy of the board minutes of 27 June 1989, he said: "Now in these minutes Lisi 2, the second phase, is mentioned twice in a very prominent way." Aitken waffled: "I think all that is clear from the minutes which I must have seen at the time is that there was a list for future sales opportunities and aspirations." The committee report seems to have forgotten that Mr Hampson ever asked the question. "We have examined BMARC's board minutes for the period," it states, "and find they contain no direct reference to project Lisi."

Another example of the committee's method was its treatment of a photograph showing Iranians training at BMARC — rather powerful proof of Gerald James's allegation that Iranian gun crews were trained to use the guns BMARC sold them. The committee dismisses the photograph as "undated". In fact it was taken by an *Observer* photographer in April 1984.

ELEVEN MPS DANCING

The central conclusion of the committee was that "none of the allegations made against Mr Aitken have [*sic*] been substantiated" — a conclusion which appeared in the papers next day unanimously as AITKEN CLEARED. He was cleared of one thing only: knowing the illegal destination of arms in his company's biggest contract. As the committee report makes clear, the MP was not over-zealous in carrying out his duties as a BMARC director. The committee reports: "It is arguable whether Mr Aitken attended a reasonable number of meetings — five over a period of 20 months — all of which he attended for only part of the meeting."

This generous view was not shared by Mr Michael Brindle QC, who advised the committee on company law, and reported: "In view of the fact that Mr Aitken received a remuneration of £10,000 per annum, it appears that there must have been some services expected of him... It is arguable that more onerous, positive duties on non-executive directors would be recognised in all circumstances under English law..." Mr Brindle concluded that on these grounds "the committee might be able to criticise Mr Aitken for his conduct". The committee declined the invitation. The report was signed by 11 MPs, six Tory, five Labour, who for some reason expect to be taken seriously in the future.

FOUR LEFTIES: Dr Roger Berry MP, Kenneth Purchase MP, Joan Wally MP and Martin O'Neill MP

Knackered — by CS gas

WHEN the Association of Chief Police Officers (ACPO) launched a nationwide experiment to arm police with CS gas, a series of authoritative statements played down the potential dangers for people sprayed with the stuff.

A press release on 1 March, for instance, "recognised that there may be some side effects such as flaking of the skin" but stressed the balance between such minor side effects and the "threat faced by police officers from violent persons". A rather different story emerged at Lewes crown court on 3, 4 and 5 June during a case concerning the execution of a search warrant on a house in Shoreham, Sussex, by two police officers from Kent.

The officers forced their way into the house and gave chase to a man in it. He turned and sprayed them from a CS gas canister. Later, a man called Louis Lee Douglas was arrested and charged with causing grievous bodily harm to the two officers.

In court the officers gave horrific accounts of the effects of the gas. DC Paul Irwin said: "I felt excruciating pain in my eyes nose and throat. My eyes were burning and I had problems breathing... my whole face was burning, my eyes were in terrible pain... I was totally overcome... I have been in the police force for seven years and have never experienced pain like it... It had the effect of sending me into a panic." Det Sgt Biggadike also spoke of an "excruciating burning pain, breathing difficulties and shock". Both officers said they had to take four days off work to recover from their ordeal.

The officers had no difficulty in persuading the court that the CS gas had indeed caused them grievous bodily harm. The defence pleaded mistaken identity — that Douglas was not the man who had used the spray — and he was acquitted.

PS: There seems to be some delay in the investigation of the death in April of Ibrahim Sey after he had had a dose of CS gas from police at Ilford police station, east London.

Frank Wilkinson, deputy chief constable of Hertfordshire, who is in charge of the Police Complaints Authority inquiry into Sey's death, said on April 24: "If all the medical and other evidence is available as planned, I anticipate completion of the inquiry in about a month." The latest guess for the date of the report's completion is the end of July at the earliest.

Obviously there has been serious delay in the preparation of the medical evidence about how a former Gambian football player suddenly developed the dreaded "hypertensive heart disease" which so often overcomes young black men in the custody of the Metropolitan police.

Ham and Dregs

■ DREDGING of rivers and coastal waters, a constant worry to environmentalists, is one of the activities regulated by the country's most influential quango, the Environment Agency. The dredging industry is well represented at the agency.

1] The dangers of dredging in the Thames were graphically exposed a year ago when an inquest jury into the 51 people who died in 1989 on the Marchioness pleasure boat brought in a verdict of unlawful killing. The crown prosecution service (CPS) still can't say if it is going to prosecute anyone for these unlawful deaths. The dredger Bowbelle which smashed into the Marchioness causing it to sink in mid-Thames was owned by South Coast Shipping, a subsidiary of Ready Mixed Concrete, whose chairman Christopher Hampson now sits on the Environment Agency.

2] In Bangladesh there is widespread local protest at the government's plan to build a bridge over the Jamuna river, displacing 11,000 families — about 75,000 people. The dredgers for this project are HAM-Van Oord, a huge Dutch consortium with a British subsidiary, HAM Dredging Ltd, which is dredging away on the Thames and Medway, and off the coast of Skegness where the firm has a £34 million contract awarded last year by the National Rivers Authority, now absorbed into the Environment Agency.

All this is regulated by... the Environment Agency, one of whose new directors is John Norris CBE, vice lord lieutenant of Essex. The Environment Agency confirms to the Eye: "Mr Norris does have a paid position with Ham Dredging Ltd".

TEACHERS' PET HATE

■ WHY is Chris Woodhead, chief inspector of schools, so unpopular with teachers?

Every teachers' union conference in the last year has protested at his constant attacks on teaching standards and his demands for a return to more traditional methods in the classroom. Woodhead dismisses the protests as the sour grapes of a bitter profession. But in the Bristol area there are some traditional teachers and former pupils who remember Woodhead in action in the classroom — and they are not too impressed by the memory.

They recall with distaste, for example, his relationship with Amanda Johnston, a pupil of Woodhead's when he was head of the English department at Gordano secondary school. Flirtations between teachers and their pupils are generally frowned on by teachers, traditional and otherwise. So when his relationship with Amanda was rumbled by the *News of the World* last year, Woodhead was keen to set the record straight. He put out a statement through his solicitors, as follows:

"Chris Woodhead didn't have a sexual relationship or any improper relationship with Amanda Johnston when he was a teacher and she was a pupil. They did have a relationship a long time afterwards when they met in Oxford in December 1976. Chris was by then separated from his wife. Amanda had moved to Oxford not knowing Chris was there... He has not behaved in any manner which will call into question his integrity. In any event he does not purport to be the guardian of social or moral behaviour." The statement ended by accusing Woodhead's former colleagues at Gordano of "jealousy and resentment".

Some of his former pupils are obviously equally jealous and resentful. They remember a rather different picture. They seem to recall that Woodhead's extra-curricular interest in Amanda started in 1975 when she was his pupil and he was living with his wife.

Some, indeed, have specially graphic memories of a week's outing by sixth formers to an Arvon Foundation creative writing course at Totleigh Barton in Devon in the autumn of 1975. Chris Woodhead's flirtatious relationship with Amanda was a constant and disruptive source of gossip among the pupils for the entire week.

Curiously there was no reference to this relationship in a moving article about the course written by Chris Woodhead in the *Times Educational Supplement* on 12 March 1976. "I doubt the educational validity of the traditional A level English course," wrote the man who would become the country's leading educational traditionalist. He was also in those days a bit of an egalitarian. "It is not until you, the teacher, are forced into the position of reading your offering to the waiting group," he wrote, "that you remember just how painful an experience this public expression of inner feeling can be."

So naturally Mr Woodhead was overjoyed when Michael Baldwin, one of the two resident writers on the course, "liked my poem". He went on: "We were lucky to have Michael Baldwin, whose personality and experience made him in many ways the ideal tutor. But if I take another course to Arvon I shall want to know first who the writers are to be: their role is too fundamental to be left to chance."

What could this have meant? Could it have been a barbed reference to the other resident writer on the course, the novelist, the late Angela Carter? She had been outraged by Woodhead's relationship with his pupil. Nor was she unduly impressed with his literary skills. Indeed, when he had finished reading that poem, a rather dull piece about a Cotswold church, Carter surprised and delighted the pupils by declaring it: "Crap! Utter Crap!".

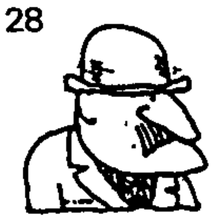
BOB-A-JOB

■ THE *Sunday Telegraph* reported (16 June) that Farnell Electronics of Leeds was "searching for a new chairman to succeed Richard Hanwell". The reason, it reported, was "to placate the institutional shareholders which questioned its £1.8 billion acquisition of Premier Industrial Corporation four months ago".

It seems that "a high profile", "heavyweight" chairman not so involved in the controversial Premier deal as Hanwell will keep everyone happy. Who might fit the bill?

The *Telegraph* helpfully suggested a name: Robert Horton, chairman of Railtrack. Somehow the report forgot to point out that Horton arranged the entire £1.8 billion deal with his old buddies in Premier, whom he had first met when working in Ohio for BP in 1987 (see *Eye* 898).

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 0171 287 3183

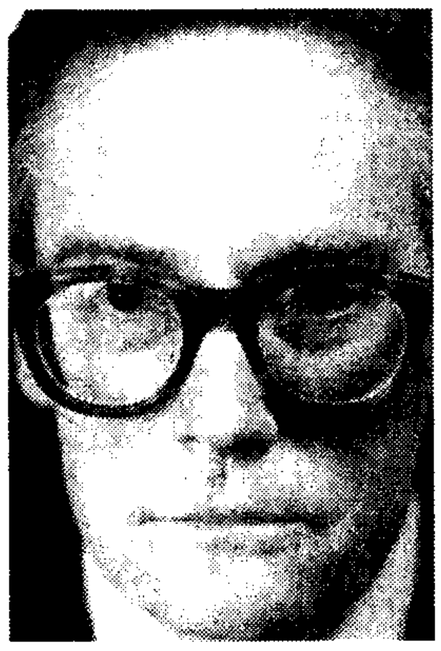


In the City

IT IS no secret that standards are somewhat laxer on the stock exchange's year-old alternative investment market (AIM) — one good reason that small companies, especially start-ups, are rushing to get an AIM quote.

However, it is not presumably demanding too much to expect that a prospectus means what it says and says what it means. After all, words like "the information contained in this document... does not omit anything likely to affect the import of such information" are clear enough, aren't they? Even clearer, it might be thought, is the statement "no directors... held the position of director of any company within 12 months of its bankruptcy, receivership or liquidation".

So what to make of the curious case of double amnesia which appears to have overtaken wealth redistribution specialist Rupert Galliers-Pratt in his latest advertisement for investor protection — the prospectus for Optical Care (Bermuda), which aims to flood eastern Europ with millions of cheap, plastic glasses? Optical Care reached AIM in February after raising $15 million courtesy of brokers Gerrard Vivian Gray as nominated advisers, and T. Hoare, peddlers of Canadian sucker-bait such as the totally phoney Timbuktu Gold, as brokers.



GALLIERS-PRATT: The eyes have it

"RPG" was proudly listed as not just the $75,000-a-year chairman but the biggest shareholder with 27 percent held by a British Virgin Islands company through a family trust. The BVI company Shropshire Five Investments holds 6.34 million Optical Care shares which it received at 1 cent each in November 1995 in return for loans made to the company, seemingly worth $68,000 (£44,000). Other investors in Optical Care paid $1, a mere 100 times more, for their shares in February. The "RPG" stake is now worth almost £7.25 million with the shares up from the 65p issue price to 115p.

The prospectus, overseen by lawyers S.J. Berwin, old friends of "RPG", devoted eight lines to his "wide experience of corporate life". Forty five pages later it found space for another five lines to recall that this "wide experience" also included being a director of Lightship, which sank into receivership in 1994. But that, according to the prospectus at least, was the only blemish on the Galliers-Pratt escutcheon. "Save as set out above, no directors... held the position of director of any company within 12 months of its bankruptcy, receivership or liquidation."

How then to explain the not so little matters of Hotelier and Balidar Properties, both listed as previous directorships of "RPG" in the prospectus? For both were forced into liquidation by insolvency in February 1993 with a total deficiency for creditors exceeding £5 million. And in both cases the sole director was none other than one Rupert Galliers-Pratt who, as required by law, signed the statement of affairs. Yet neither company failure was mentioned in the prospectus, which listed all other directorships in the previous five-year period.

Perhaps it is not surprising that "RPG" did not volunteer such information as it hardly flatters. Anymore than the unfortunate history of Lightship or the performance of North West Estates that became Petersburg Long Distance or, more recently, would-be Kazakhstan gold miner Princess Resources (*Eyes passim*). But at least they merited a mention.

The Hotelier property development failure left Barclays owed £5.75 million. It was estimated the total deficiency would be £4.4 million assuming the Hotelier land realised £3.5 million. So far the amount realised has been merely £24,000.

Balidar — like Hotelier, owned by Galliers-Pratt interests — was the second biggest creditor owed £1.5 million. The domino effect of the Hotelier crash was instantly felt at Balidar which "RPG" had run since 1989. Its assets, including the debt from Hotelier, were not estimated to realise a penny towards debts of £906,000, mostly corporation tax due of £715,000.

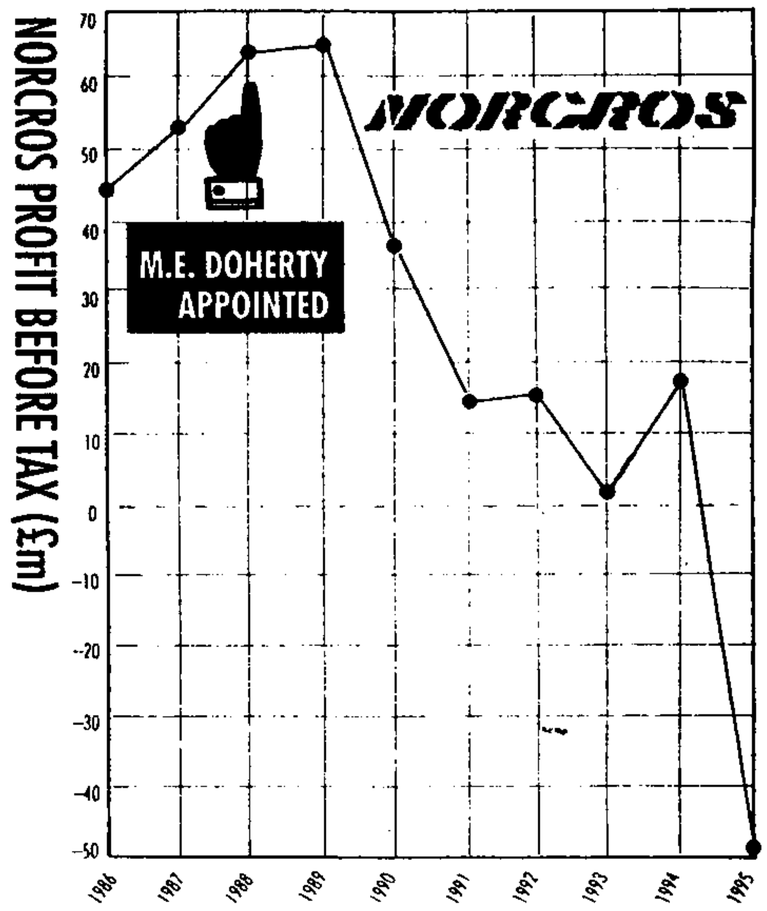
Interestingly enough the Balidar auditors denied the accounts for 1990 and 1991 the required "true and fair view" because of their dissatisfaction with the "completeness, accuracy and recoverability" of money owed by and to other "RPG" companies.

These company collapses were manifestly not matters likely to "affect" investors in Optical Care, which is why "RPG" and his co-directors, responsible for the information in the prospectus, left them out. A decision with which no doubt all the highly paid advisers — costs of the AIM float were a remarkable $1.2 million — wholeheartedly concurred. Whether the stock exchange will agree is another matter; but then it appears prepared to see AIM become an increasingly not-so-pale imitation of the "anything goes" markets in Vancouver and Alberta.

HOW fortunate, if entirely coincidental, it was that Winchester Commodities' founders Charles Vincent and Ashley Levett managed to collect their £15 million payments and move offshore to tax-free Monaco before the Sumitomo copper bomb went off leaving Winchester to be run by others, if still owned by Vincent and Levett.

Doubtless their decision was influenced by the unjustified harassment from the Securities & Futures Authority and the endless litigation and inquiries in London and New York into their former and present clients, ex-Codelco trader Juan Davila and Sumitomo's "Mr Five Per Cent", Yasuo Hamanaka. But then as every good trader knows, timing is everything.

British Management Part 38.
MICHAEL E. DOHERTY, Chairman responsible for "transformation" of industrial holding group Norcros plc since 1988.



WATCHING that champion of free speech Sir James Goldsmith make the government dance to his referendum tune recalls the tactics Goldsmith employed as a Wall Street corporate raider in the 1980s. The game was to buy a strategic stake in a poorly performing giant and then threaten the discredited directors with a bid or a proxy battle to obtain boardroom control.

The ploy was likened to a medieval siege. The attacker announces his intention of advancing on the city. He repeats the threat as he moves ever closer. The result is to demoralise the defenders into surrender without a fight or to pay him to go away.

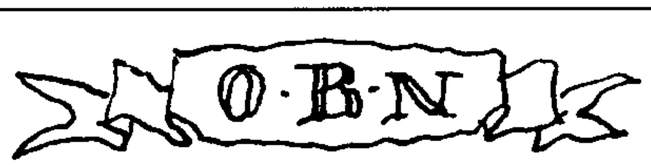
Goldsmith successfully conducted a number of such campaigns. The Tories would do well to remember that every time he talks about spending millions to put up Referendum party candidates at the general election. Like all rich men Goldsmith does not believe in wasting money, particularly his own. But his gambler mentality knows how to bluff a jittery opponent into folding. "I have £20 million and I'm coming".

AFTER just failing to get his hands on the fading Facia retail chain (by helping Stephen Hinchliffe disappear behind the smokescreen of the ludicrous Texas American bid), John Carway is now involved with the Titan Business Club pyramid scheme which the DTI wants to close down.

Not of course that the convicted fraudster is up front alongside the German brothers Glas who brought Titan to Britain. But Titan's solicitor is Carway crew member Charles Buckley, former adviser to Peter Clowes and a man who has had his own share of financial problems.

Buckley worked on the Facia deal with Carway, who is now involved in plans to offer shares in Titan which persuades fools to pay £3,000 for the right to sell greater fools the same scam in return for a slice of their investment.

'Slicker'



"JIMMY GOLDSMITH's party for John Aspinall's 70th birthday was everything it should have been... the whole atmosphere reeked of money properly spent, elegantly spent.

"The male guests comprised a unique blend of power and affluence: Kerry Packer, John Paul Getty, George Livanos, Lords Rothermere, Rothschild, Rayne, Cowdray and the Duke of Marlborough, Conrad Black, Sir Evelyn de Rothschild and... Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi, the Zulu leader.

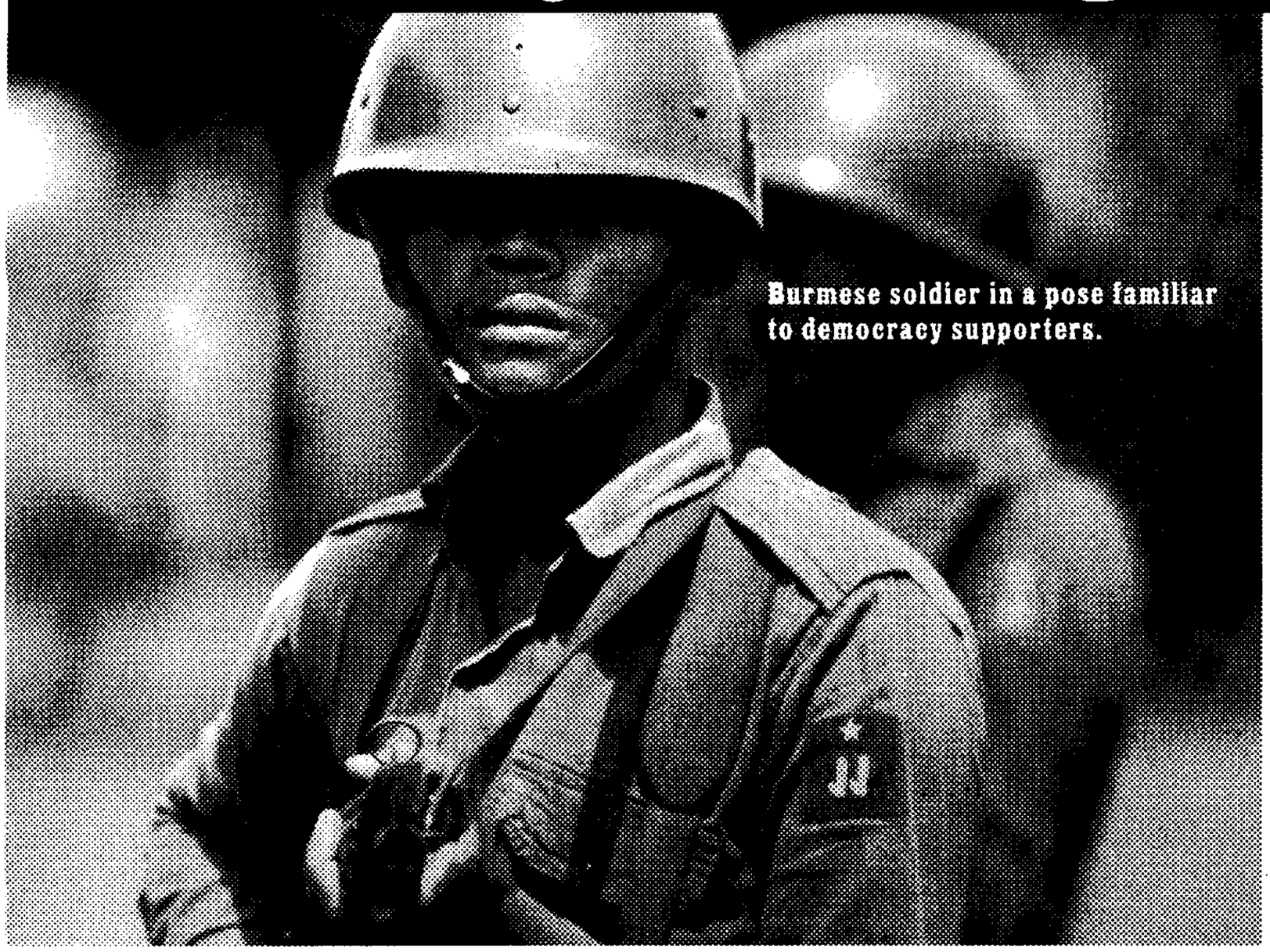
"The girls looked pretty good, too, none better than Jemima Khan, the two Fraser sisters, Laetitia Cash... you get the picture... Society parties nowadays are full of people who have never met and who spend their time watching each other. They are noteworthy for their wasteful expense rather than their elaborate care. Not the Goldsmith ones..."

TAKI
Sunday Times

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

THOUGHT for TODAY
A master gave his three servants talents of gold, saying, "Go forth and use them well."
And they went forth and wagered them and did lose.
SKIMALOT
Yet was the master not wroth, saying, "Verily it keepeth them happy."
N8

You always meant to join us. How many deaths ago was that?



Burmese soldier in a pose familiar to democracy supporters.

Last month John Pilger's shocking documentary showed a Burma where thousands have been killed for daring to call for democracy, where the woman who won an election was held under house arrest for years. If this made you think of joining us, please hurry, for even in the few weeks since the programme was shown, nearly three hundred pro-democracy supporters were arrested.

Amnesty International: working worldwide for the release of prisoners of conscience, fair trials for political prisoners and an end to torture, extra-judicial executions, "disappearances" and the death penalty.

Last month, millions of TV viewers saw John Pilger's terrifying film about Burma, which for 34 years has been ruled by generals who renamed the country Myanmar, closed it off to the outside world and imprisoned, tortured or killed anyone who disagreed with them.

With our own eyes we saw young Burmese students calling for a 'democracy' which most of us take for granted, being shot down, running away through the streets and falling, drenched in blood.

"Keep filming till they shoot us."

We heard the voices of Burmese cameramen who were warned they'd be shot if they kept on filming. As the soldiers raise their guns one cameramen asks the other:

'What shall we do?'

'Keep on filming till they shoot us.'

We saw Aung San Suu Kyi, who won a democratic election with 82% of the seats, confined under arrest in her house by the generals who lost. We saw how the generals imprison any who dare to express a desire for freedom - by singing a song, or writing a poem. We saw these 'criminals' bound in chains and manacles and forced to labour.

We watched a small boy, forced to work long hours each day, crying as a barrowload of cement collapsed on top of him.

The horrors you didn't see.

Amnesty International has been keeping watch on Burma for years. We can tell you that John Pilger's film, harrowing as it was, was just a snapshot of the fear that rules the country. It couldn't show the horrific human processions that wind through Burma's mountains: thousands of Burmese villagers who have been forced at gunpoint by the army to work as porters, carrying heavy loads over mountains with little food.

The sick, old, mentally ill - none are spared. If they fall they are left to die by the wayside. One man was hacked to death with a hoe. Many are shot and kicked over mountainsides to fall to their deaths.

How arrests since the film was shown.

Since the programme went out, Amnesty has reported the arrests of pro-democracy supporters. In two cases, when the men they were after were not at home, the soldiers took their wives. Almost 300 were arrested in the last few weeks, but many have been released.

These people should never have been arrested in the first place. We want those still in jail released and are campaigning for them, for an end to forced portering and for the freeing of those who were already in prison for daring to call for democracy.

To date the Burmese generals refuse to allow us into the country. We need to pile the pressure onto them, and to do this we need the support of everyone who gives a damn.

Please don't turn away again.

This advertisement was going to open with the words: "We don't mean to make you feel guilty." But it's not true. We do.

Feeling guilty proves that you care. That you value justice and freedom and basic human rights. That you're not one of those who can watch people's agony on TV while wondering what's on the other channel.

You care. That makes you very special. We *need* you. Please act on your best instincts. Do something to help.

Joining us isn't the only way you can help, but it's one of the most effective.

For thirty five years we have campaigned tirelessly against human rights abuse all over the world. There are many examples of how the intervention of Amnesty International has helped free people from jail, save them from torture or from being killed.

What is Amnesty International but people just like you? People who on their own can do little, but by joining together can help thousands.

We need you because despite everything we're doing, it still isn't enough.

We know it's not enough because the killings, torture and imprisonment haven't stopped. Until they do, neither can we.

Please take this opportunity to join us or make a donation to help our work. Make today the day. Make this the moment. Do it now. Do it for the sake of the suffering people in Burma whose acts of principle and courage deserve more than our complicit silence. Most of all, do it for yourself.

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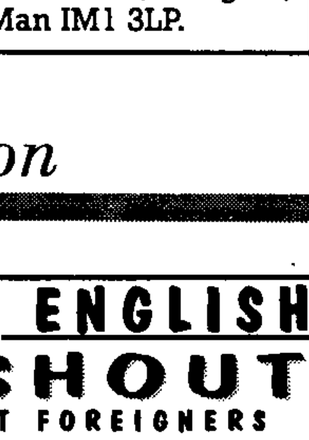

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Robert Joseph, Sunday Telegraph Magazine

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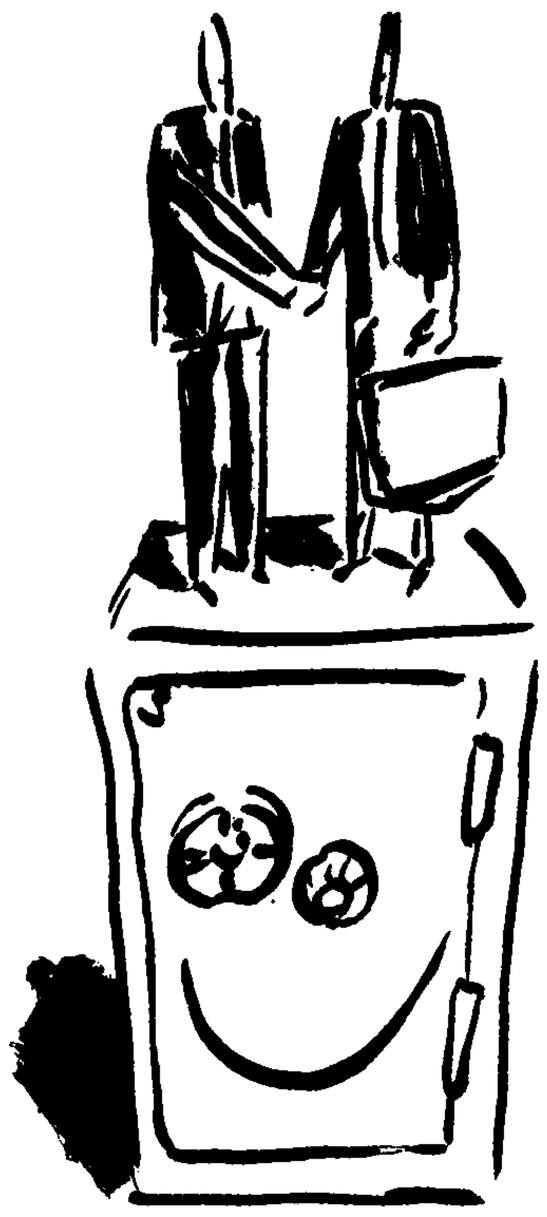

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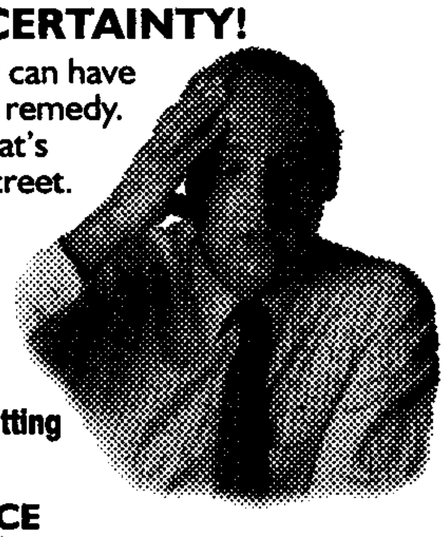

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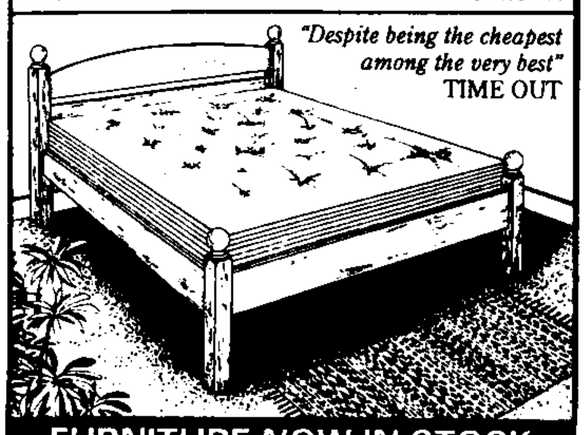

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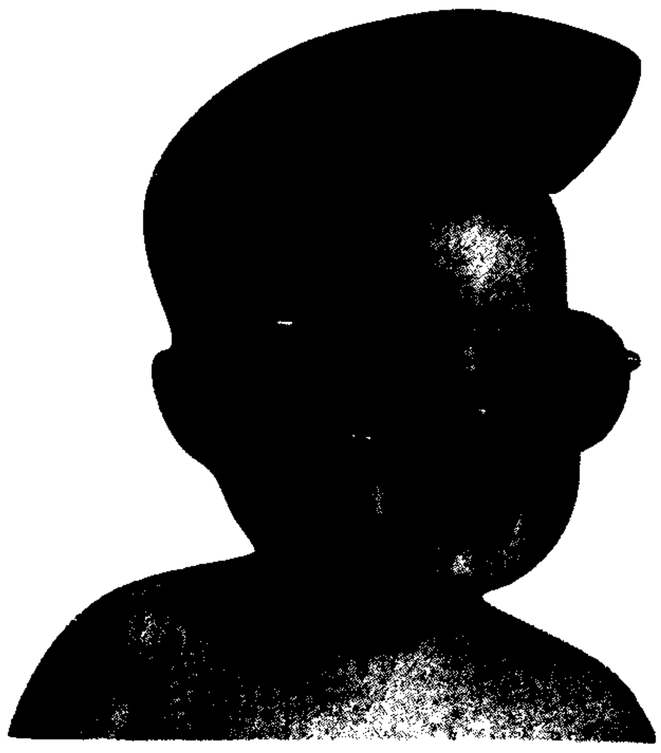

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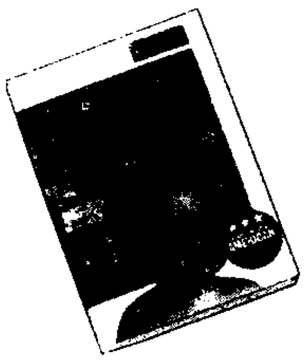

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